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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Patterson*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BRIDE

The beautiful Miss Clementine Hozier, whose marriage with the President of the Board of Trade takes place next Saturday at St. Margaret's, Westminster

No. 249.—Vol. XIX

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Mesdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood, Hare, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett, Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin, Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler. Conductor, Mr. George Riseley. Special Rail arrangements. Programmes, Secretary, Bristol.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Rufford Abbey, Where the King is the Guest of Lord and Lady Savile for the Doncaster Race Week

Photos

Lord Savile, the King's Host

Knights-Whittome

Lady Savile, the King's Hostess

His Majesty at Rufford Abbey

The King is paying his accustomed visit to Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster race week, and Lord and Lady Savile have invited the usual party to meet him—the guests being almost always identical. Lady Savile is one of the *belles Americaines* who play hostess so well, and receive Royalty as a matter of course. She is as charming as she is intelligently acute, a great authority on racing matters, and enjoys the privilege of the King's close friendship. His Majesty will, as usual, remain for the week only, and intends being at Tulchan, Strathspey, next Monday morning.

* * *

The Doncaster Loadstone

Doncaster is one of those great events of the year which bring the scattered forces of sport and Society together in full strength. Since Goodwood, the fashionable crowd has been in a state of disintegration — shooting, yachting, travel, the "cures," stag-hunting on Exmoor, and holiday-making in general have taken everyone away. But all come together again on the historic Town Moor, for the St. Leger is the attraction which brings keen sportsmen hurrying home from distant parts, and centralises the social element as no other event of the month can. His Majesty is one of those who never miss Doncaster if it can be helped, and, delighted with his holiday at Marienbad, and particularly with the good shooting enjoyed on Prince Trauttmansdorf's estates, the King returned from the Continent just in time to attend the opening of the meeting with Lord and Lady Savile. House-parties for many miles around Doncaster are the order this week, the ubiquitous motor-car having vastly extended the radius for these pleasant gatherings.

The Princess of Wales — The Duke of Fife — The Prince of Wales and the Royal Children

Phot] **At the Braemar Gathering: The Prince and Princess of Wales and their Family** [*Graphic Photo Union*

The gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society last week was, as usual, graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, who took a great delight in watching the sports and the parade of Highlanders in the Princess Royal Park, to which the Clans marched through the village. The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife were also present with the Princesses Alexandra and Maud

The Churchill-Hozier Wedding

A Dukeless Week

At Derby races last week the meeting was not quite so successful in a social sense as it usually is. There can be no doubt but that the death of the Duke of Devonshire was a great loss to these races, and it will be felt for a long time to come on the Turf, especially as the present Duke is not a racing man, and, as he himself announced not so long ago, in a reference to the death duties, is pursuing something like a policy of retrenchment. The party from Chatsworth which the much-lamented sportsman usually brought to the meeting was, of course, missing last week, and the crowd no doubt felt the absence of the popular "straw" jacket, whose victories they loved to cheer. The weather on the whole was rather unfavourable, but there was a good attendance of the county people, who are loyal in their support of the meeting. The Earl of Harrington, of course, was there, talking of the prospects of the hunting season, and of various schemes for the improvement of our horse supply, in which question this keenest of horsemen is much interested.

* * *

The Churchill-Hozier Romance

On Saturday next one of the shortest engagements on record will end in what promises to be by far the smartest and cheeriest wedding of the year. Both Mr. Winston Churchill and Miss Clementine Hozier are cherished and popular members of noble clans, and Churchills, Stanleys, Ogilvies, and Howards will muster in their might at the bridal of the youngest Cabinet Minister and one of the most beautiful of Society women. Miss Hozier in some ways recalls to a slight extent Mr. Churchill's own mother in the days when Miss Jenny Jerome was wooed and won by Lord Randolph Churchill. Not only her name, but also Miss Hozier's personality are said to have suggested to John Oliver Hobbes the bewitching heroine of her novel, "Love and the Soul-Hunters." The honeymoon will be spent at Blenheim, for the Duke of Marlborough is both fond and proud of his clever young kinsman.

* * *

A Brilliant Pair

Mr. Churchill, like the great Duke of his family, is famous for his good luck, but never has he been more fortunate than in the choice of his bride. It is interesting to note that the best man is to be Lord Hugh Cecil, the bridegroom's most distinguished fellow-rebel against Tariff Reform in the declining days of the last Government. Miss Hozier has lovely brown hair and most delicately aquiline features, fine grey eyes, and a delightful poise of the head, her shoulders and neck have something of the grace and distinction and soft strength of early Grecian art; she is divinely tall. But, then, she comes, on the female side, of the bonnie house of Airlie, whose sons and daughters are famous for their good looks. Her youth has been spent in many different places, with her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, as her devoted and spirited companion. I remember her some years ago as a lively, merry, and beautiful child running almost wild upon the downs and shore of Seaford; but, no doubt, if she had a heart then, it was in the Highlands, for she is Scottish on both sides of her house.

* * *

The Hoziers of Newlands

Her father, the late Colonel Sir Henry M. Hozier, K.C.B., for long the secretary of "Lloyds," came of a Scots family whose fortunes were founded in the eighteenth century. Land on the Clyde was the base from which the fortunes of the barony of Newlands arose. The first baron left an immense fortune, but I don't know how this affected Miss Hozier's distant branch. The original family name is said to have been MacLehose. A wit—not a Scotsman, who hates a pun—suggests the family became ashamed of making stockings, and decided to sell them instead!

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Notable Spectators of the Jumping at the Bath Show

The Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., and the Marquis of Bath. (Mr. Long is, it will be observed, still a sufferer from gout, and is seen to be wearing a soft boot on his disabled foot)

* * *

Patrons of the Stage

Miss Hozier and Mr. Churchill have been especially assiduous lately in their attention to the things of the stage. Mr. Barrie's play appeared to delight both of them, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who was with them the other night at the Duke of York's. The Scottish and political sides of Mr. Barrie's little masterpiece seemed to amuse Mr. Churchill, who smiled at an old friend in the "Dam the flowing tide" joke on the stage. Mr. Tree and his daughter had come to see Mrs. Tree's bright performance in *What Every Woman Knows,* and were chatting on the dramatic chances of things in the Churchills' box. Both the Cabinet Minister and his lady-love had been to see the very complete dress rehearsal of *Faust,* and agreed that this immense production was likely to prove one more victory for the bravest management in Town. One wonders, however, if all this lavish outlay and these enormous salaries can be met by even the generous support of the London public. Anyway, the new

Our Late Royal Guests

THEIR SPANISH MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT FARNBOROUGH

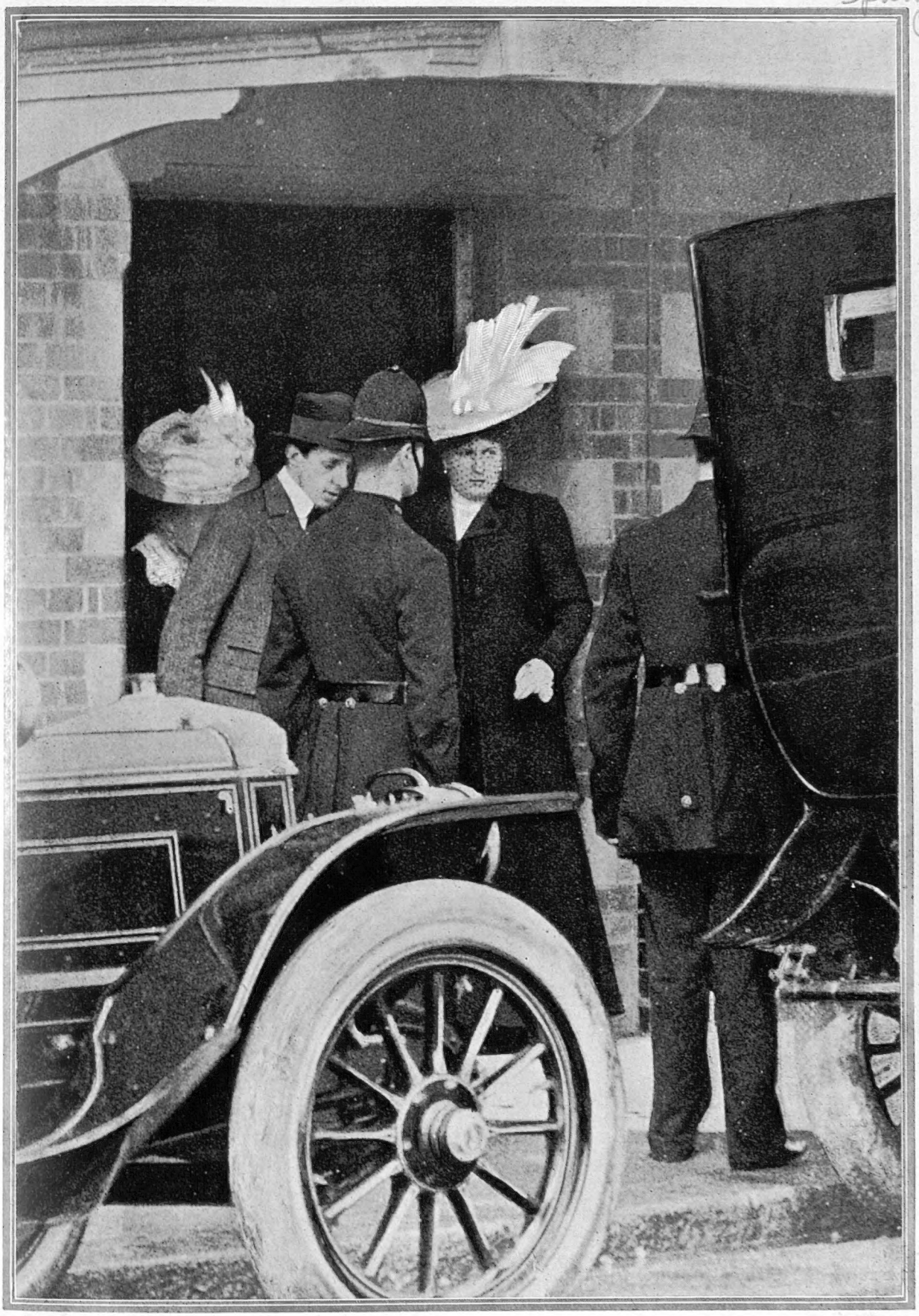
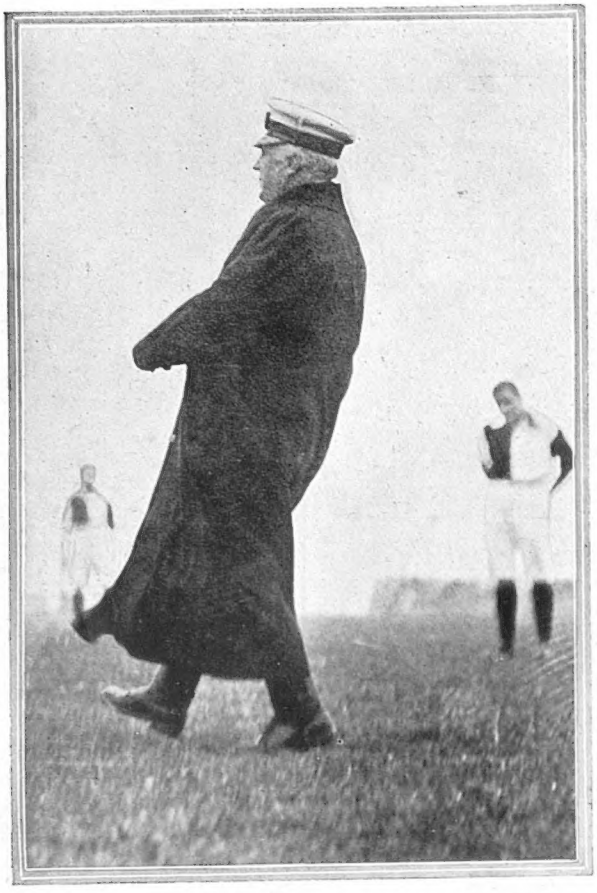


Photo *L. N. A.*

At the conclusion of their stay at Osborne Cottage, and before leaving England, the King and Queen of Spain paid a flying visit to the ex-Empress Eugénie, of whom Queen Victoria has always been a favourite, at her beautiful Hampshire residence at Farnborough Hill. Their Majesties were accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg (seen in the background) and the Duke of Alba

Naval and Political Interludes



In a New Role: Lord Charles Beresford Kicking Off

On the occasion of the opening of a new naval recreation ground at Portland, when Dorset County beat a Channel Fleet team by one goal

Faust gives more than one's money's-worth, if that commodity may be estimated in delight of the senses. The first-night audiences of the week have been quite sparkling, Miss Edna May and her lively party, Miss Maxine Elliot and her husband, Miss Neilson, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Sheldon being among the many charming theatrical people one sees everywhere. Society has not yet quite taken the field here. Those who hurry their "cure" find they so soon want another one that the fashion now is to go very slowly for two months in the year—however rapid you may have to be during the other ten.

* * *

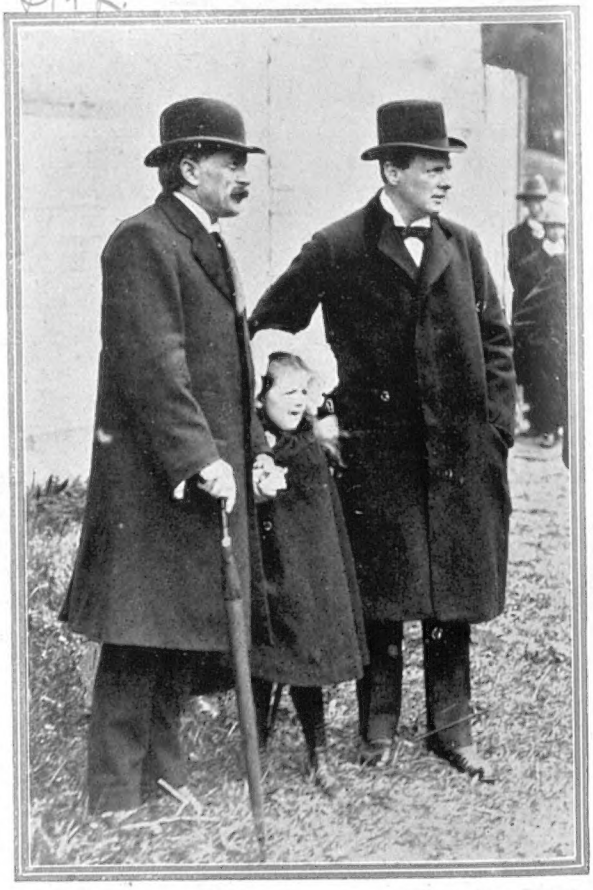
What Every Man Knows

When Mr. J. M. Barrie addressed an audience of 1,000 girls at Smith's College during his last American tour, a friend asked him how he liked the experience. "Well," said Barrie, "I'd much rather talk one thousand times to one girl than talk one time to a thousand girls." Mr. Barrie is a lucky man. He has a fascinating wife, much wealth, accumulated from "royalties," a pretty house at Leinster Corner, opposite Kensington Gardens, and one prettier still in Surrey. And not only this. He boasts the *Freedom of Kensington Gardens*, which was bestowed upon him by the authorities after he had written "The Little White Bird," that foster-father of "Peter Pan." The curious may ask, What does the Freedom of Kensington Gardens bring with it? Simply the key of the gate of the Broad Walk. Mr. Barrie may stalk o' nights in the Gardens, if so it pleases him.

* * *

The Earl and the Girl

The halfpenny Press is once more in full gush over a "romance of the Peerage," the marriage of Lord Poulett and Miss Sylvia Storey, of the Gaiety Theatre. The newly-made Countess is of a lineage which has provided the public with much wholesome amusement, she being the daughter of the agile Mr. Fred Storey. The family of the noble husband has also provided amusement of a kind. Another be-coroneted youth went to the Gaiety for his bride not so many years ago, and his mother announced, in her displeasure, that anyone who presumed to call upon the bride would be struck off her (the Dowager's) visiting list without more ado. The Dowager's visiting list is sadly shrunken to-day, but the ex-Gaiety girl is a tearing social success. Miss Sylvia Lillian Storey, who has been on the stage about four years, has already passed through the gamut varying from "guest" to understudy. Lord Poulett, who looks very boyish, although twenty-five next Friday, does not at all resemble in appearance the organ-grinder who claimed relationship. He is a careful young man, for a solicitor friend was best man at the ceremony.



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Ministerial Turtledoves: Mr. Lloyd-George (with his Daughter) and Mr. Winston Churchill at Plas Newydd, Llangollen

Where they orated floridly in Welsh and English respectively, at the opening of the National Eisteddfod. Mr. Churchill is, of course, to be married on Saturday to Miss Clementine Hozier

The Newest Recruit to the Peerage

Photo *Bassano* *Photo* *Whaley's Studio*

COUNTESS POULETT—NÉE MISS SYLVIA STOREY, GAIETY, "GAY-GORDON," AND GIBSON GIRL

Earl Poulett

Whose wedding to Earl Poulett reduces by one more the number of former Gibson Girls who have married into the peerage. The new Countess is a daughter of Mr. Fred Storey—of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, and a once well-known Gaiety comedian. Earl Poulett will be twenty-five on Friday, and the Countess is eighteen

New Plays at London Theatres

GARRICK, DUKE OF YORK'S, PRINCE OF WALES'S, AND ST. JAMES'S

By EGAN MEW

The Autumn Campaign

The beginning of the theatrical season suggests that the novelists are determined just now to have their share of dramatic undertakings. Following Mr. Hall Caine at the Lyceum we have Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has, I believe, written a book or two, and Mr. Locke, dramatised by another novelist, Mr. Roy Horniman, and Mr. Barrie, who is a master of many forms of literature. Personally, I have a strong belief in the novelist as a playwright, and am bitterly disappointed when he fails, as he must do occasionally in the larger, simpler world of the stage.

Up-to-date Melodrama at the Garrick

It is pleasing to relate that Miss Evelyn Millard has begun her management here under very promising circumstances. Mr. Roy Horniman has simplified and adapted the rather melodramatic, well-known novel of Mr. Locke, "Idols," into a straightforward and exciting drama, such as is beloved of all audiences. In the opening act, which shows three friends, Mr. and Mrs. Merriam (Miss Millard and Mr. Waring) and Hugh Colman (Mr. Aynesworth), the actors played with great freshness and freedom. As the melodrama deepened, and Irene Merriam nears the sacrifice which she believed her husband's friendship for, and gratitude to, Colman demanded from her, something of the conventions and artificialities of stage heroines overcame her. But in every scene she was admired and applauded. When, in the assize court, she felt called upon to swear away her good name so that an alibi might be proved for Colman, who is charged with an unusually cruel murder, and cannot in honour speak, she held and thrilled the house in a way that assured the success of the play.

Difficult Characters Well Played

Mr. Allan Aynesworth has never been seen to better advantage than as Hugh Colman, who, loving and respecting Irene, secretly marries the Jewess, Minna Hart, whose father is murdered while Hugh is in Minna's room. This is a year after their marriage, and each dislikes the other very fully. They have taken an oath never to mention the marriage. Minna will not save Hugh, partly because she hates him, partly because she would lose her fortune of £200,000 if she told the truth. This difficult character is played by Miss Edyth Latimer, whose intense and impassioned style, although a little overdone on the first night, gives point and vitality to every incident of the drama in which she appears. Mr. Somerset, as the butler who really murders Minna's father, gives a fine performance. Mr. Waring is convincing; Mr. Charles Rock and Mr. Arthur Wontner, counsel for the prosecution and defence respectively, are excellently true to life. With its neat development of plot, its pat melodrama, and its excellent acting and setting, Mr. Roy Horniman's version of *Idols* will, I feel sure, prove attractive for many months to come.

A Prince of Wales's Success

Among the many agreeable successes of the week is the *King of Cadonia* at the Prince of Wales's, but as my space is so limited, and the piece is one which deserves special commendation, I must reserve lengthier comment till next week. Suffice it at present to say, therefore, that here is a musical comedy with a coherent plot, tuneful music, real humour, and a spice of moral which, however, only enhances the flavour of the whole.

Mr. Barrie's Triumph at the Duke of York's

By far the most distinguished and amusing of the week's productions, however, is Mr. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*. This play is, at once, a satire and a panegyric on certain Scottish qualities and a touching and brilliantly humorous romance. Part of the story is that of a self-satisfied Scot, John Shand (Mr. Du Maurier), who becomes involved in a marriage contract with the no longer young Maggie Wylie (Miss Trevelyan) so that he may complete his education and make a career. After six long years of waiting, Shand is returned to Parliament, and Maggie, although knowing that the hard, unattractive John does not care for her, is married to him. Maggie is one of Mr. Barrie's clever, devoted, commonplace, sweet yet homely, reticent "mother" women. However unpromising the material in the pushing and spirited John Shand, she will do her best for him. In due course, without his suspecting her influence, she makes a prominent politician of him, and then he falls in love with Lady Sybil Lazenby (Miss McCarthy), and Maggie's full powers are put forward to bringing him into what appears to be the honourable path. The way Maggie works this is the delightful intrigue of the play, almost as subtle and acute as Mr. Barrie's treatment of the Scottish character in the first act. Exactly how Maggie works and wins you will like to learn at the Duke of York's, but perhaps I may be allowed to tell you of the one point in which Mr. Barrie seems to fail.

A Shandism That Fails

The Government, in the person of Mr. Venables (Mr. Norman Forbes), becomes interested in John Shand, and proposes that he shall speak on some important subject in the country. He has to write his speech and show it to Venables. He does this while in love with Sybil and away from Maggie. The speech is found to be without the "Shandisms" which attract the world, and Shand is told the Government will not require him to speak. Maggie arrives, and by

Mr. Barrie's Latest Triumph

SKETCHED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Up-to-Date Melodrama at the Garrick

a neat little ruse of the charming Comtesse de la Briere (Mrs. Tree), a second speech edited by her is shown to Mr. Venables. He reads it, is delighted, and comes down to the footlights to explain to Maggie and Madame de la Briere the little changes in the wording which make so much difference in the effect. We have heard a good deal of the "Shandisms," and in the course of the play, the point is so laboured and led up to that the audience eagerly wait for this crowning evidence of ready wit which is to prove the power of the "mother woman" to help the "strong" man of the political world. What Mr. Venables reads out in the original speech is something about "stay the flowing tide," and in Maggie's speech it is the antique jest—belonging to some far-off general election—about "dam the flowing tide." The house was absolutely shocked and astonished at this piece of verbal crime, but so powerfully had Mr. Barrie and his admirable players won our love and confidence that even this insult was readily forgiven. Perhaps Mr. Barrie places this worn old joke there with cynical intention. If so, he bitterly satirises the way in which a woman can "mother" the political utterances of her husband, and the sort of point of humour which an important member of the Government is likely to appreciate. So catholic an irony, so destructive a bitterness is unlike Mr. Barrie, so I presume "dam the flowing tide" appeared as a new joke to him.

Concerning Players

John Shand, with his Glasgow accent, his Scottish qualities, his queer self-satisfaction, is a new and trying part for Mr. Du Maurier. But from the first moment, when, in his railway porter's clothes, he broke into the Wylies' house to read their books at night, until he, who could never laugh, fell laughing into his wife's arms at the end of the play, the character was sustained with perfect cunning and ease and conviction. The Maggie Wylie of Miss Trevelyan was, perhaps, more easily within her powers. The author loves her, one would suppose, and every word and movement of hers is a victory for the actress and the writer.

Mrs. Tree appeared as the delightful Comtesse of fifty years of age, who helps the plot and gives so much lightness and grace to the play. She is altogether charming. Miss Lillah McCarthy has had so many victories that one always expects her to score. However, as Lady Sybil, although effective enough, she never touched the audience, and hid those powers that were so compelling in *Nan*. As the Wylies, Mr. Vibart, Mr. Valentine, and Mr. Gwynn were absolutely convincing, but Mr. Norman Forbes appeared to be a little nervous; I think he must have been beneath the shadow of that awful line which he had to give later on as if he liked it. *What Every Woman Knows* is a delightful comedy—not large or epoch-making—but one that will give a vast amount of pleasure for a long while.

Mr. Jerome's "Idle Fancy" at the St. James's Theatre

In his prologue, play, and epilogue, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, Mr. Jerome has certainly not belied the art of the novelist. This "idle fancy," as the author calls it, is far from being a powerful play, but it is full of charm and grace, with a scene or two of biting satire and passages of tenderness and beauty. The difficult subject of the play is found in the transformation that a celestial visitor works in the squalid, mendacious world of an extremely old-fashioned Bloomsbury

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Herbert Waring in "Idols" at the Garrick

Idols, by Mr. Roy Horniman, at the Garrick, is an accomplished modern melodrama. The above is a vital scene in the Assize Court between Irene Merriam (Miss Evelyn Millard) and her husband (Mr. Herbert Waring), in which the wife is led to believe that Merriam is ready to sacrifice even their honour to save the devoted friend, Hugh Colman (Mr. Allan Aynesworth), who is on his trial for murder. Irene holds Colman's note in her hand

The Simplicities of Poor Pete

TWO SCENES FROM THE NEW LYCEUM DRAMA

KATE (*Miss Hutin Britton*)

CÆSAR (*Mr. Ross*) PETE (*Mr. Matheson Lang*) PHIL (*Mr. Eric Mayne*)

Pete: "If I could hear her say she really and truly loved me, I'd take her back"

(*Note the heroine, listening, in the right-hand background*)

PHIL (*Mr. Eric Mayne*) PETE (*Mr. Matheson Lang*)

Pete: "And I've bought a bonnet for the baby"

(*Note the heroine, listening, in the left-hand top-ground*)

The above two scenes are representative of the drama of *Pete*, the new Lyceum Hall Caine melodrama. The most exciting scenes are those where Kate, the heroine, overhears the continued professions of love of the husband whom she has deserted. The audience waits expectant that she will burst forth repentant. But she does not. Constant in her inconstancy, she is unmoved. The play is remarkable in that it appeals for the sympathy of the public for a wholly heartless woman, who deserts husband and baby for a vague infatuation [*Illustrations Bureau Photos*]

A Modern Morality Play

boarding-house. The cheat, the slut, the snob, the satyr, the rogue, the painted lady, and others of the prologue are duly transmuted into the lady of the house, the servant, a rich aunt, the old bachelor, a Jew, a maiden lady respectively, and respectably. It is the "third floor back" who carries out these miracles of grace with something of sober and delicate cunning, but occasionally after a fashion which does not quite convince some of the audience. In the working out of this extremely hazardous idea, Mr. Jerome reminds us of one or two other experiments on the same lines—inevitably of the *Message from Mars*—but his treatment is highly personal and characteristic.

the rôle of the passer-by, the stranger, the awakener of the conscience, the bringer of balm and peace, played with a superb dignity and grace, a beauty of voice, and an air of purity and sincerity which enabled him to make welcome to the house the monotony and repetition of his written character. Although he appeared in a dozen situations which might have turned to laughter and failure, he held and delighted his audience throughout the whole play. Miss Gertrude Elliott, the slut who is transformed, and Miss Agnes Thomas, the cheating landlady who becomes so agreeable a person; Mr. Ian Robertson, an admirable retired major in any of the stages of his

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Jerome's "Idle Fancy" at the St. James's: The Entrance of the "Stranger" in the Last Act

Without being an altogether powerful piece, Mr. J. K. Jerome's *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, which is, to all intents and purposes, a modern morality play, is full of charm and grace, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson's sympathetic playing of the rôle of the celestial Stranger whose coming transforms the motley company at a Bloomsbury boarding-house into exemplary and agreeable characters, is deserving of the highest praise, as is, in fact, the playing of every member of the company

The first act, or prologue, is made lively with satire on what seems rather like an extinct type of sordid boarding-house life. I do not fancy that candles and gas are used as illuminants in the Bloomsbury establishments of to-day, and this lack of truth, in such a tiny detail, will be found also in the portrayal of the characters and the development of the situations. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* may be considered a sort of morality play which must be swallowed whole or altogether rejected. I think it will be accepted just as it is, and be considered a highly successful essay in a difficult branch of art.

Accomplished Acting

The main reason for its quick appeal to the enthusiastic audience on the first night was to be found in the accomplished acting. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, in development; Mr. Ernest Hendrie, as the "bookie" who has lost his voice and sheds his vice; Miss Wright, Miss Bishop, and Miss Crawford, all these and the rest of the strong cast were admirable in their somewhat broadly coloured rôles. Miss Agnes Thomas's change from the angry and bitter cheat to the pleasing lady is one of the cleverest pieces of work this excellent *comédienne* has given us, and Miss Haidée Wright's transformation was also most effective. Of course, the result of these changes on the audience is somewhat marred when one knows that the other nine characters have to be dealt with in something the same way. Moments of tedium will be found in this connection. But the idea must be accepted as a whole, with all its limitations, in an uncritical spirit; then, and then only, it will be found to point a pleasant moral and adorn an admirably acted tale.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

King Edward, Autocrat!

In the last week of King Edward's stay at Marienbad many farewell dinners were given. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin gave a big dinner at the Hotel Ott to twenty of her friends, but King Edward was not of the party. Farewell teas were given at the Golf Club, where the King was, of course, supreme. It is in reality his own private club, a sort of Marienbad Marlborough. He has made new regulations during his present visit, and among them has decreed the exclusion of journalists as such. Only members are admitted, and even a distinguished outsider has to go through the formality of being made a member before the Cerberus at the door will let him in. "C'est plus distingué mais c'est moins gai," said a French lady the other day. In fact, the King is so strict about the enforcement of his regulations that he watches every new face and makes inquiries as to who the new people are.

* * *

A Friendly Glass at Marienbad: Mrs. Hall-Walker (with a shawl over her shoulder) and Some Friends

Mrs. Hall-Walker has been one of the most prominent hostesses at Marienbad, where she entertained the King, M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, and M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister. Mrs. Albert Petre is seen behind Mrs. Hall-Walker

His Majesty's Varied Activities

During King Edward's stay in Marienbad he was frequently entertained by Prince Liechtenstein, the Governor, for whom he has a great admiration. Prince Liechtenstein is a man of great intelligence. He is a very fine speaker—the best impromptu speaker in Austria, it is said. He is spoken of as the future Imperial Chancellor. King Edward has been a great deal at the theatre this season, in spite of the fact that it begins at the inconvenient hour of seven. He has honoured many of the guests here with invitations to his box. One of the most interesting pieces which he attended was *Gretchen*, which is strictly forbidden in Germany. The play turns on the private life of a ruler, and as the mask pretty well fits the Kaiser, Prince Liechtenstein advised the King not to go. His Majesty must have grown rather tired of the *Dollarprinzessin* and the *Lustige Witwe*. These two favourites are given over and over again, and are so repeatedly played by the Kür Capelle here that most of us seemed to have the airs in our head for the season. Of course, it is well known that Edward VII. in Marienbad did not devote himself exclusively to croquet, the "cure," and the theatre. The Near East occupied his attention far more than many suppose. Whilst at Marienbad

Joachimsthal, Bohemia, where, it is said, Radium Baths are to be Opened Next Year

"RADIUMBAD"?

Of the wonders of radium there appears to be no end. The latest, so it is said, is to be a radium watering-place, to be established by the Austrian Government at the hitherto unfamed town of Joachimsthal, situated not far from Carlsbad and Marienbad, in Bohemia. The soil, they say, abounds in pitchblende, from which radium is obtained, and the springs, we are told, contain "radio-active water."

The French Cowes: St. Malo's Regatta

he made the acquaintance of a very influential Viennese banker, Blum Pasha, who was for years connected with Egypt, and who knows the country thoroughly. No doubt he was able to answer many of the King's questions. The King left Marienbad looking the picture of health. The same remark, however, does not apply to Colonel Ponsonby. Marienbad evidently does not agree with him, or perhaps he takes his work too seriously.

* * *

A Ping-Pong Revival at Homburg

The season at Homburg has not been a very brilliant one, and the weather throughout has been most unsatisfactory. It rained on the day of the great tennis match, to the great disappointment of numerous champions. Still, Homburg will hold its own. Its beautiful situation and the numerous accessible places of interest in the neighbourhood, and last, but not least, its handsome Kurhaus (built in the old gambling times) make it a delightful place to live in. When I was in the town the rain was falling heavily, and the streets were deserted, but the Kurhaus, filled with young and old, was large enough to give shelter to the whole of the *kurgäste* in the town. The prattle of the children at their games, especially ping-pong, which has come once more into favour, gave a look of indoor comfort to the place which makes one thankful to the old gaming days for providing these handsome palaces for wet weather. Among the guests I noticed Sir John and Lady Brunner, who have been regular visitors for many years, and Sir Frank Lascelles, the ex-British Ambassador at Berlin, who also for a long time has been in the habit of taking rests at this truly restful place.

A Roman Camp Visited by the King

A few miles from Homburg, and easily reached by a tramline, is the Saarburg, a Roman camp built up on the ruins which were unearthed there some twenty years ago. The walls have been built up to their original height, the ditches dug as they were in antiquity, all the offices inside the camp, the bakery, the gymnasium—in fact, a Roman camp—have been rebuilt, with the assistance of German scholars, with the same materials, the same slate roofing, and the same kind of glass windows as have been found in the excavations. There is a rich museum of the articles used in the camp, and among the most interesting objects in it are the huge catapults and quick-firing instruments which could cast twenty-five balls a minute. It is strange how little the existence of this wonderful museum is known. The Kaiser takes an extreme personal interest in it, and recently took King Edward to see it.

* * *

Golfing Diplomats at Carlsbad

The season at Carlsbad has been a great success this year, but, unlike Marienbad, it is essentially the water which attracts the visitor. As usual, it has been crammed with Polish and Russian Jews, the former easily recognised by their peculiar long coats and high boots. One thing I missed in Carlsbad was the top-hatted musicians of the Marienbad Kür Capelle, who play at regular intervals from 6.30 till dusk. This year many luncheon and dinner-parties have taken place at the Savoy Hotel, including that given by Mrs. Townsend to the King. Mr. Henniker Heaton is enjoying his rest after his penny postage exertions at Carlsbad. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has been laying in a further store of "anecdotage" from the diplomats

Photo *Topical Agency*

St. Malo Regatta: The Gathering of Yachts for the Race Week

During the race week, St. Malo becomes the chief yachting centre of France, and attracts a world of fashion similar to that of Cowes

Europe's Newest Ruin

STAMBOUL SUDDENLY "ANTIQUED" BY THE RECENT TERRIBLE FIRE

Photo *Bolak*

Sympathise as one must with the victims of the recent fire in the Turkish capital, in which some scores were killed and two thousand houses and shops were destroyed, one cannot but admire the splendid ruins which have newly been given us. At present, Stamboul looks a positive Pompeii. The fire may, further, prove a godsend to the natives, as enabling the new Reform authorities to plan new streets of much-needed splendour in the vicinity of the Mosque of Muhammed II., and the At Bazar, or Horse Market

An Intrepid Prince and a Casual King

Photo] THE CROWN PRINCESS *[Topical Agency*

Her Plucky Husband: The Crown Princess of Germany Awaiting the Crown Prince's Airship Descent at Tegel

When the German Crown Prince made an ascent the other day in a military airship at Tegel, the Crown Princess watched the flight from the parade ground, where, with her ladies-in-waiting, she stood ready to greet him on his descent

of three nations who have been in the public eye lately, M. Clemenceau, M. Isvolsky, and Mr. Lloyd-George, with whom he golfed.

* * *

Aix-les-Bains

At every fashionable Continental resort Royalty is dearly beloved, and heaven provides at least one King or Prince during the butterfly term of its season. Aix-les-Bains has for many years enjoyed the favour of the King of Greece, who is lionised annually by the grateful inhabitants, who are dominated by hotel-keepers. There are many very well-known English people who are regular "curers." Louise, Duchess of Devonshire has always been one of the faithful ones, and visitors this season have been Lord Revelstoke, Lord Kerry, Lord and Lady Waleran, Lady Alice and Lady Nina Willoughby, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Lady McIver, Mrs. Chauncey Depew, and Sir John Bell.

* * *

The "Army" in the Fatherland

One can hardly imagine the stolid, phlegmatic German as the typical Salvation Army soldier we are used to in this country—an excellent and genuine fellow, but excitable and emotional—and yet during the twenty years the Army has been carrying on its warfare in the Fatherland it has gained thousands of adherents, and the value of its beneficent social work is fully recognised by the authorities. Open-air work is forbidden by police regulation, except in such spots as the Berlin Forest, where large weekly meetings are held; but, nevertheless, in a quiet, unostentatious manner the work has been carried on, has grown steadily, and there are now some twenty centres for social work among the poorest of the poor.

* * *

The General's Lieutenant

General Booth's representative in the Fatherland is Commissioner Oliphant, a photograph of whom is given on the opposite page addressing a huge meeting held recently on the Kaiser's Parade Ground, at which 25,000 people were present. A tall, handsome man, with flowing brown beard, on whom the Army Commissioner's be-frogged frock-coat is well set off, one hardly associates him with a Church of England curate, and yet as such he began his career, having been at one time one of Prebendary Webb-Peploe's curates at his church in Onslow Square.

Photo *Boissonnas*

King George Goes Shopping in Paris: His Majesty of Greece at a Jeweller's in the Rue de la Paix

Like all the crowned heads of Europe, King George of Greece is a holiday-maker just now, and after his annual cure at Aix-les-Bains, he went to Paris, where he is a very well-known figure in the streets, as he delights in doing his own shopping. At Aix, by the way, a winner at the gaming tables, taking the King for an attendant, offered him a tip!

Saving the Fatherland

SALVATION ARMY MANŒUVRES IN THE KAISER'S CAPITAL

Musical Drill by Children of some of the Berlin Corps of the Salvation Army

The Army's juvenile work, both in this and other countries, is by no means confined to mere Sunday school teaching, but embraces musical and physical drill and other useful and healthy attractions by which the children's interest is held

Commissioner Oliphant Addressing the Assembly at the great Demonstration on the Kaiser's Parade Ground, Berlin

It is interesting to note that, in common with many of the Army's officers, Commissioner Oliphant was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, and began his career as a curate of Prebendary Webb-Peploe

Photos *Topical Agency*

Salvation Soldiers—and Sailors, Members of the Army's Naval League—Marching to the Demonstration through the Berlin Streets

The rapid growth of the Salvation Army in Germany since the "war" was opened twenty years ago was exemplified the other day at a great demonstration held on the Kaiser's Parade Ground in Berlin at which 25,000 people were present. Police regulations prohibit the holding of street-corner services, which are such a familiar sight in this land, but, denied this field of activity, the Army has worked quietly and steadily, and its social labours are now carried on through some twenty institutions, the beneficent work of which is fully recognised by the authorities. They have lately acquired a palatial music-hall in the Berlin "East End" in which to hold meetings

DUBLIN DOINGS: "THEIR EXES" AT HOME

In Dublin's Fair City

Dublin has been trying its best, just lately, to be the hub of the universe, and what with the Horse Show and the Meeting of the British Association, the Aberdeens have found themselves busy in a social sense. Dublin Society is energetic, cheerful, and voluble. But he who expects to find it witty, or even in any true sense amusing, will be disappointed. The Irishman has a readiness of speech and an audacity which pass for wit, but he is, for the most part, lacking in the genuine commodity, while his humour is quite unconscious. Of the latter, there is enough and to spare in Dublin. True, some solemn pedant has removed the notice which used to give such joy to the Saxon while it adorned the late-fee letter-box at the General Post Office: "For all letters which are too late for the next mail," but the City Council have redressed the balance by putting up the names of the streets in Erse for the sake of the patriots, and supplying an English translation underneath to enable the patriots to read them. Apropos, the name of one of the suburban stations was recently changed for patriotic reasons, and a board erected bearing the new name in Erse. The poor old porter, who for thirty years had been accustomed to shout the old name, could neither remember the new one nor read the board. When the first train arrived after the change was made, he was heard pathetically to inquire, "Is there anny wan there for here?" The Aberdeens are great people, of course, and are known as "Their Exes;" but the Ardilauns are greater, and are known as "Their Treble-Exes."

Lord Aberdeen with Some of his West Highland White Terriers

The Countess of Aberdeen has won many show successes with these game little sporting dogs. Great value attaches to the Poltallock or white West Highland terrier, more especially to the strains which are found in the kennels of Colonel Malcolm and Lady Aberdeen

* * *

"Their Exes'" Terriers

Lord Aberdeen is fonder of field sports than of racing, and is particularly interested in the West Highland white terriers that have only comparatively recently come into vogue, though for many years they have been used in that rugged part of Scotland after which they are named for bolting the hill-fox out of the cairns. It was only two years ago that the West Highland White Terrier of England Club, with the Countess of Aberdeen as President, was formed, and that the Kennel Club officially "recognised" the dogs as a standard breed. The Aberdeen kennels are, therefore, naturally well represented by these pretty and very sporting little dogs, one of the gamest types of terrier living. Lady Aberdeen is one of the best-known exhibitors of drop-eared Skye terriers, and is President of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

Photos] **Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, the Official Residence of the Lord-Lieutenant** *[L. N. A.*

A Viceregal Quintet

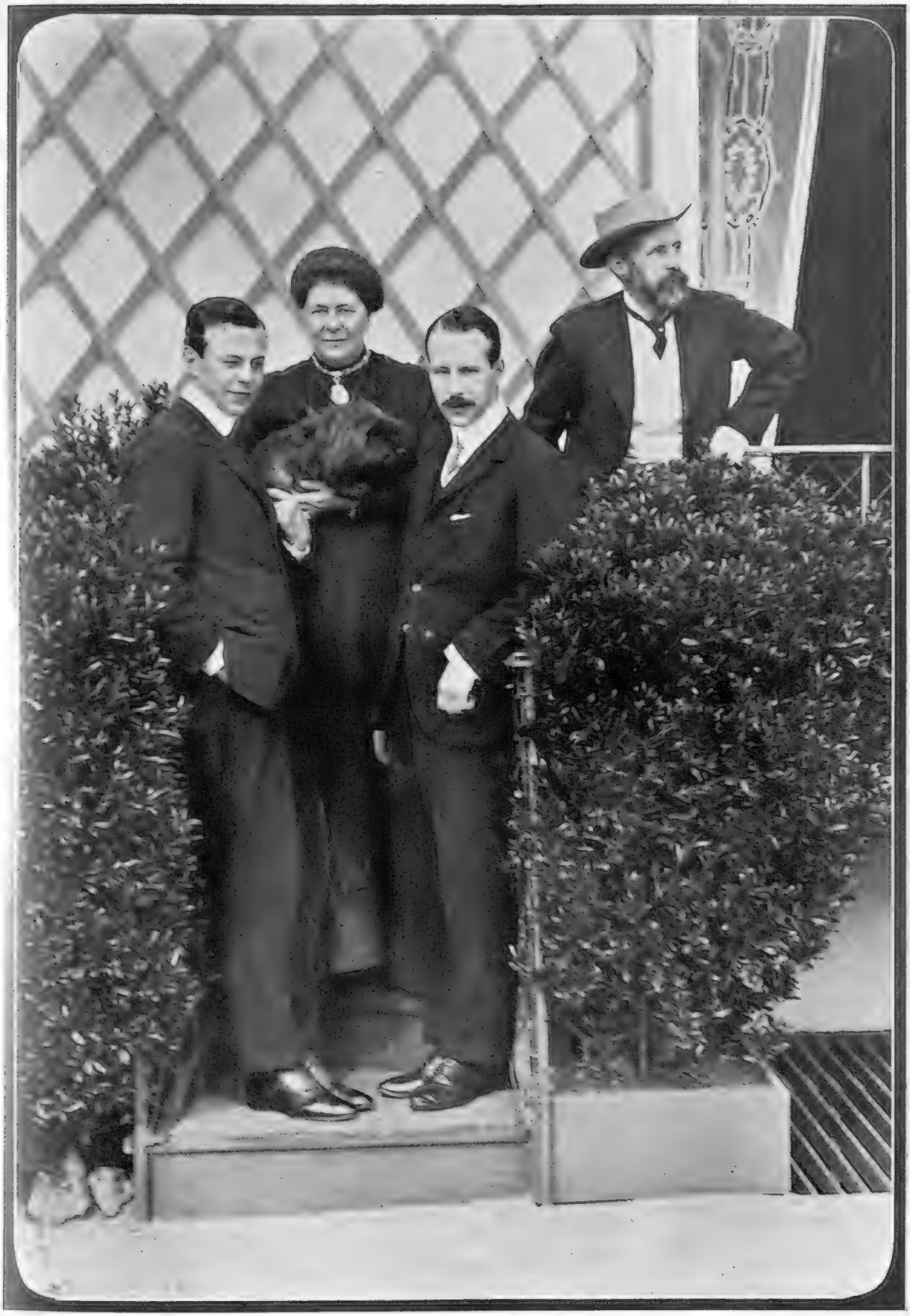


Photo *L. N. A.*

A FAMILY GROUP AT VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN

From left to right: The Hon. Archie Gordon, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Aberdeen's favourite Drop-eared Skye Terrier, the Hon. Dudley Gordon, and Lord Aberdeen

It may be true, as the Kaiser has just stated, that "the peace of Europe is guaranteed by the power of Germany on land and sea," but need he have said it? Our own Terriers were just beginning to fancy that they counted, too.

* * *

How rare a quality is tact. The Japanese Government have decided to reduce their Army and Navy estimates by £10,000,000, and this at a time when the United States Armada, which was intended to intimidate them, is still sailing the high seas. Smaller insults than this have before now brought on a war.

* * *

Dr. Broughton, an American minister visiting this country, has stated in an interview that he has "a very high opinion of English churches generally, but they want hitching-up." We always knew there was something wrong, of course, but we never could define it before. Thank you, Dr. B.!

* * *

A new method of marking Army horses on the gums instead of on the hoofs has been invented, and now a mounted infantryman who wishes to make sure if the horse ahead is his own runaway or not will no longer have to adventure himself among its heels to make sure. He can just hold out a carrot in front of it, and watch it as its mouth opens.

* * *

A Major-General has written to the *Express* suggesting that the Suffragist problem might be solved by creating a third chamber, to be called the House of Ladies. This is a bright idea, and if only the Suffragists could be bound over to invade it only and leave the other two Houses alone, it would save a lot of expense and worry. But the strength of the Suffragists is that they do not care about fighting with one another when there is a man around. Men are so much less capable of parrying an umbrella.

* * *

We understand that it is not the case in the new Sherlock Holmes stories that Holmes will end by getting a morbid antipathy to Dr. Watson, and will shoot him with a couple of revolvers in a wood, leaving no traces. Or that Dr. Watson's last words will be—"You astound me, my dear Holmes!"

* * *

AUX JARDINS DES PLANTES

BONNE: "Ah! ma chérie! Regarde le beau M'sieu le Lion!"
M'SIEU LE LION: "Nom d'un chien! Quelle bonne bouche!"

BY STANGER PRITCHARD

The Uses of a Whistle

(The Rev. Arthur Ellis, M.A., has written to a daily paper to advise holiday-makers to carry with them a strong whistle to be used in cases of difficulty in remote places.)

Tourist, 'ere London's streets you leave
For wildish spots where dangers bristle,
Make sure you carry up your sleeve
That very useful thing—a whistle.

Sweet are its uses: say you go
To Margate's lonesome seas and dip,
And cramp ensues: then—save you blow—
Suddenly you will end your trip.

Ev'n in our peaceful countryside,
A bull might rise 'mid grass and thistles,
And also might (I never tried)
Think twice of tossing one who whistles.

Those who ascend the Rigi's slopes
Might fall into some crack abysmal;
Whistling would bring them guides and ropes,
And save them from a death most dismal.

In cases strange as these and stranger,
Whistling will help: but I implore you,
Make sure you really are in danger—
Or other folks may make sure for you.

Abdul Aziz is reported to be "very hopeful still." Why not? He is likely to lose Morocco, but there is every chance of his being able to retain his favourite musical-box.

* * *

A question now being asked is—"What is to become of the White City?" Pending other suggestions, we should be inclined to give the practical advice offered by Mr. Dick to Miss Betsy Trotwood—"Wash it!"

Tommy on the Ocean (III.)

WASHING DOWN THE DECKS IN THE EARLY MORNING

The third drawing in the series depicting the amenities of life on board a troopship by E. G. O. Beuttler

When Nobody's in Town

THE SECRETIVE STREET-DIGGER AT WORK IN PARIS AND LONDON

Photo] **Hardly a Place of Concord: Road-Menders Make Merry in the Place de la Concorde, Paris** [*Bert*

Strikes have so delayed the work in the Place de la Concorde that it has been in a state of upheaval for months, and a subsidence has endangered the Obelisk, which is now being underpinned

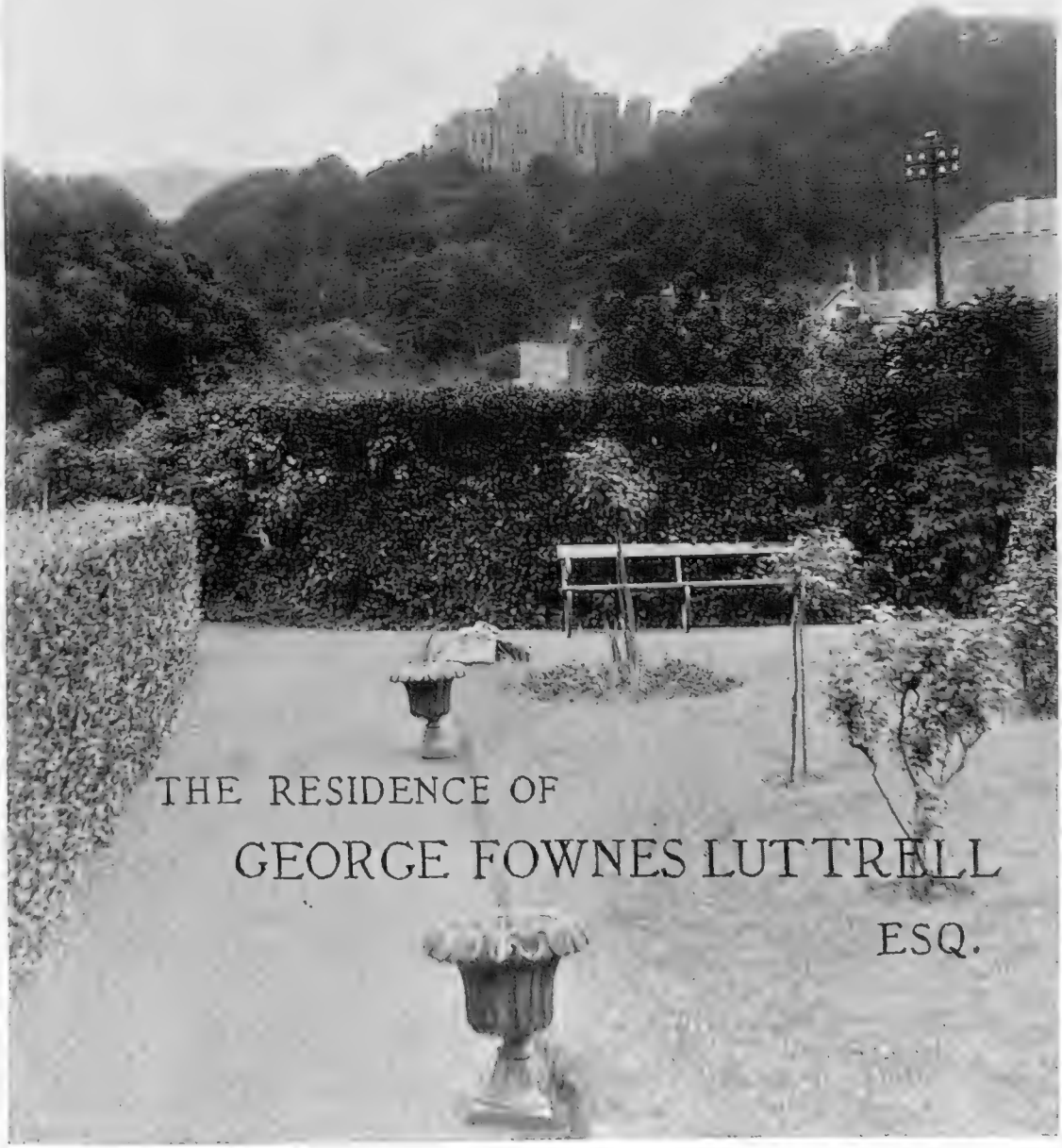
The Storm Before the Calm: Noisy Upheavals Precede the Time when Wood-Paving will Render Grosvenor Square a Quiet Resort

When the residents of Grosvenor Square return from their various country resorts, they will be agreeably surprised to find how the quietness of the night resembles the silence they have recently been experiencing in the country. Instead of belated hansoms rattling over the hard macadam, they will be quietly gliding along over the noiseless wood-pavement

HISTORIC HOMES

No. 4

DUNSTER CASTLE



THE RESIDENCE OF
GEORGE FOWNES LUTTRELL
ESQ.

No. 4 of the Series (Photographs taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Leonard Willoughby)*

The Ancient Home of the Luttrells

Dunster Castle

The beauty and historic attractions of Somerset may be said to begin with the village of Dunster, which is dominated by the fine Castle first established in the days of the Norman Conquest. In the hands of William de Mohun and his vigorous successor, Dunster became a power against the Crown of Stephen and a centre of battle. Although the Mohuns were first seated here, the well-known house of Luttrell are found to be the owners—by the unromantic means of purchase—about the year 1376. Ever since then it has been held by this family, whose close connection with the surrounding country is of the same character to-day as five centuries ago. The changes which the passage of time and the chances of fortune have made in the house itself give it no small interest. At the present time, ripe with age and freighted with historic association, it presents a typical West of England picture of beauty both without and within. The front of the Castle, flanked by two round towers to the right of the gateway, is said to have been built in the thirteenth century by a Mohun. The mansion, to the right of the doorway, is Elizabethan, and therefore both these sections of the Castle withstood the assault of Blake about 1646, when Charles I.'s last vague chances of success lay in the Western county. Since the wild days of the Stuarts, Dunster has been at peace. Much of the mansion, which has been considerably altered and added to of late years by its present owner, is eighteenth century, and possesses the pleasant domestic character of its period.

Three Generations: A Family Group on the Steps of Dunster Castle

Mr. G. Fownes Luttrell (the owner of Dunster Castle), his wife, daughter, and two grandchildren. Dunster Castle has been in the possession of the family of Luttrell since 1376, when it was purchased by the present owner's ancestor

The Luttrells

The history of Dunster is really the story of this family during the last 500 years. A George Luttrell built the once busy yarn market in the centre of the village, and a grandson restored it in 1647; earlier monuments of the house are to be found in the curious church. Sir Hugh Luttrell and his wife (1428) are there, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell (1493), and many other members of the family find their last home beneath the shadow of their old Castle. "The Luttrell Arms" dominates the social village life. The hostelry was once probably a residence of the Abbots of Cleeve. A feature is the fifteenth-century porch, with loopholes for shooting from the crossbow. Upstairs there is a room with a gabled roof of oak, and with carved oak settings for the windows. The most curious thing to be seen here is the plaster overmantel containing a medallion with a nude figure (whether male or female the modeller has not made clear) pursued by hounds, a work of art variously interpreted as a lady from Boccaccio meeting a horrid death, as Lazarus, and as Actæon being devoured. Prominent objects are, naturally, the arms of the Luttrells, painted in the brightest of hues. The present owner of the Castle, who was born in 1826, is the patron of four livings. He has been High Sheriff of his county, and is J.P. and D.L. and many other things important to Dunster.

Interior Decorations

The fine hall is enriched with an Italianate stairway. This is elaborately carved in wood, the work of Charles II.'s days. Many of the plaster ceilings are of late seventeenth century and extremely interesting in character. Curious plaster overmantels, not uncommon in Somersetshire, are to be found in many of the fine rooms of the mansion. Among the most curious and distinctive of the decorations at Dunster are the elaborately painted and varnished Italian leather hangings which tell the story of Antony and Cleopatra. Much of the furniture is of a character to delight the collector. Throughout the centuries various changes have, of course, been made in this department, but certain objects have remained, once perhaps neglected, but now restored to honour. In the room of the leather hangings is a large set of fine Chippendale chairs, and in many other of the rooms are examples of all the more famous English periods through the oak and walnut ages, even unto the Early Victorian.

The Pictures

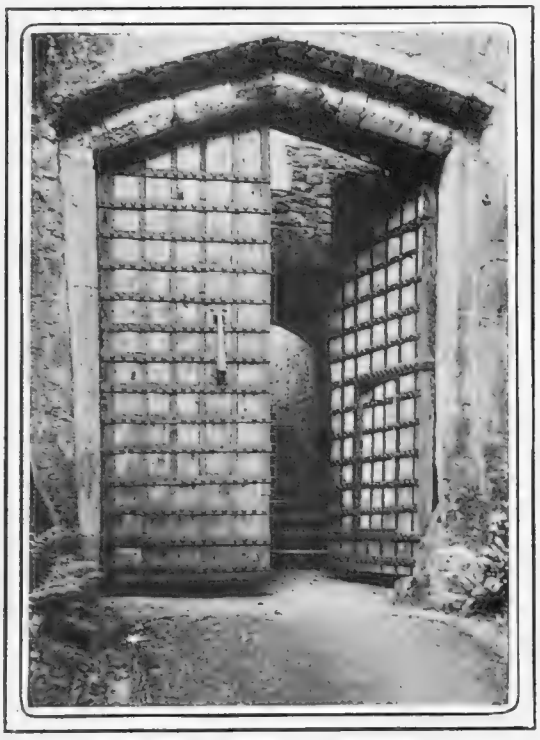
The portraits in the present dining-room show many of the Luttrells in their habit as they lived. Opie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many of the eighteenth-century painters are well-represented. There is a Vandyck portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and many other delightful paintings. In Mr. Warden Page's book on West Somerset he mentions a very curious work by Lucas de Heere, representing the escape of Sir John Luttrell from the wreck of a ship in which he had been a prisoner during the Scots war of Henry VIII.

E. M.

Picturesque Dunster: The Castle Gatehouse

The Gatehouse, by which one enters Dunster Castle from the road, is an erection probably of the time of Henry V. and flanked by four towers. The builder is thought to have been Sir Hugh Luttrell, ancestor of the present owner

A Legacy of the Conquest: Dunster Castle,



The Great Gates Opening into the Gatehouse

The Principal Façade and Entra[illegible], Showi

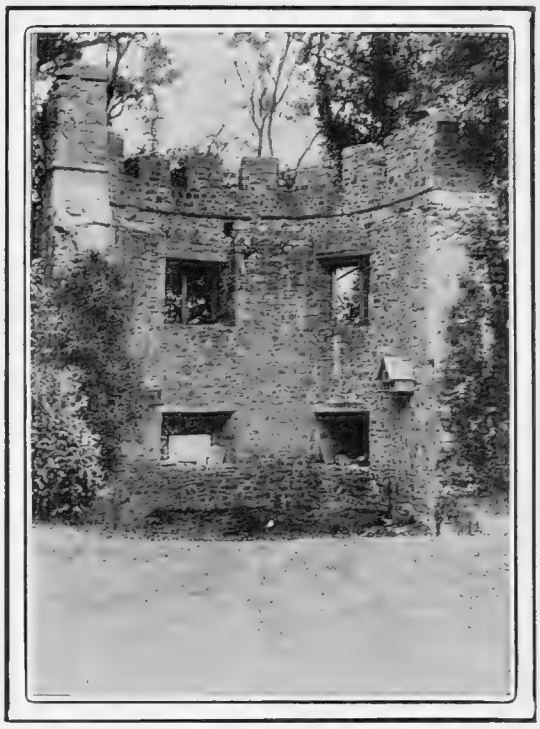
Dunster Castle, which dominates the pleasant Somerset village of Dunster, is a legacy of the Norman Conquest. The ancient fortress, of which little or nothing remains, was granted by William the Conqueror to William de Mohun, a powerful noble, one of whose family in later times held the Castle against King Stephen. One of the gateways—the oldest part of the present building—is said to have been built by Reginald de Mohun in the reign of Henry III.

A Part of the Elaborately Carved Staircase

A Charming Corner of the Old Castle and Its Grounds: A Garden Terrace

Somerset, the Historic Home of the Luttrells

ng the Luttrell A. .s Above the Doorway



A Bit of the Ancient Wall Once Surrounding the Castle and its Keep

In the Civil War the Castle was besieged for six months by Blake, and made a brave defence. Among its other memories is that of Prince Charles, once a visitor, whose bedchamber is pointed out. Continuously for five centuries the Castle has been held by the Luttrell family, its present possessors. The south front, as we see it at present, was erected something more than a century ago by Henry Fownes Luttrell

which Overlooks the Park, the Sea, and the Surrounding Valleys and Hills

Old Furniture: Two Old Dutch Chairs with a "Glastonbury" Chair (in the centre)

Two Interiors at Dunster Castle

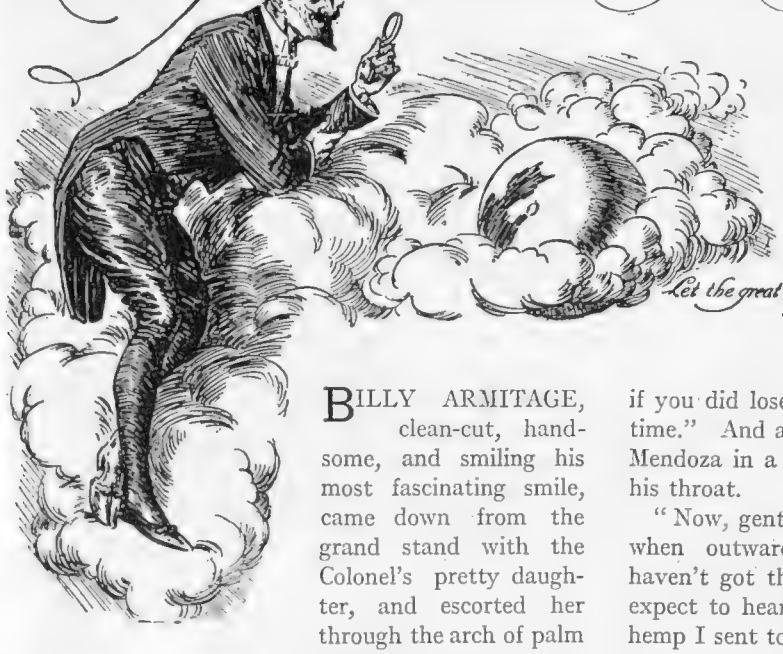
Not Tapestry, but Painted Leather: The Remarkable Wall Decorations in the Gallery

These hangings, looking so like tapestry, are of gorgeously painted and highly varnished leather. They depict the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and are the work of Italian hands. The set of Chippendale chairs is a particularly fine one

The Dining-Room, with its Oak Panelling, Decorated Plaster Frieze, and Family Portraits

A good deal of the present building of Dunster Castle is of the eighteenth century, and therefore of quite domestic character, the dining-room, with its panelling and family portraits, having all the pleasant features of its period

No. 146 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"Billy"

By B. K. DANIELS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

BILLY ARMITAGE, clean-cut, handsome, and smiling his most fascinating smile, came down from the grand stand with the Colonel's pretty daughter, and escorted her through the arch of palm leaves to her carriage. "Remember, I'm to have three dances to-night, Major or no Major," he said as the carriage moved off, and the bewitching little laugh which floated back to him assured him that he need not fear the Major.

When the carriage had disappeared behind the banana trees which flanked the highway, Billy turned towards the grand stand and passed in through the palm-leaf arch with a very different expression upon his face from that which it had worn when he came out a few minutes before. Crossing the wide verandah, now deserted except for a few Filipino caretakers who were gathering up the chairs, he entered a large club-room, where groups of Spaniards, Germans, Americans, and occasionally a wealthy Filipino, were drinking, smoking, and discussing the day's sport.

"I tell you, Armitage is a ruined man," said a broad-shouldered Belgian, who, unaware of Billy's presence, was sitting at a small table along with an extravagantly dressed Spaniard and a jolly Filipino padre.

Billy smiled good-naturedly as he joined the group, accepted a cigar of the best Manila brand from the padre, and ordered whiskies and sodas for all four.

The Spaniard was artistically flicking the ash from his cigar with an inch-long finger-nail, when Billy looked at him and laughed. "How did you manage it so neatly, Señor Mendoza?"

"Manage what?" asked the Spaniard, stiffening, and regarding him with a look of suspicion in his hard, black eyes.

"Perhaps the medico would sell me some of the same brand of physic, and I might win next time, if you would only oblige me with the prescription," Billy replied, with a defiant smile in his blue eyes.

"Señor Armitage, in my own country there would be only one way of answering such an insult; but under the American flag I am not allowed the privilege. Your insinuation that I physicked your horse and made it lose the race is so base that I can only ignore it."

"Tut! tut! Señor," said the Belgian, adjusting his smoked goggles. "Don't spoil a good day's sport by getting angry. It was a fine race, Mr. Armitage, even if you did lose. Here's to your better luck the next time." And all four clinked glasses and drank, Señor Mendoza in a gingerly fashion, as if the liquor burnt his throat.

"Now, gentlemen, about the money," began Billy, when outward harmony had been restored. "I haven't got the four thousand pesos at present, but expect to hear most any day from that shipment of hemp I sent to Manila, and then I'll be able to square accounts."

"Oh, certainly, Señor, certainly," said the Spaniard; but the Belgian looked into his empty glass through his inscrutable goggles.

"I do not doubt your willingness or your ability to pay, Mr. Armitage," he said, at length; "but in matters of this kind I think it best to settle at once."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Billy, flushing to the roots of his curly yellow hair, and rising abruptly from the table. "Call round at my house in an hour's time and you shall have your money." And, without waiting for an answer, he strode out of the room.

Again he passed under the arch of palm leaves, summoned his Filipino coachman, and drove to his office. Billy was Provincial Treasurer, and as the land-tax had just been collected, there were abundant funds on hand to tide him over the present crisis. Before the Inspector from the Treasury Department in Manila arrived he would, surely, hear from the hemp.

Colonel Halstead's good opinion of a man was based on three things—his ability to fight, dance, and mix punch. If a subordinate officer failed in any one of these qualifications he was ignored by the Colonel to an extent that made his life miserable. As a lieutenant in the Texas Volunteers, Billy had distinguished himself in no less than ten fights; that he was the most graceful dancer at the post was conceded by all; and when the Colonel conferred upon him the unheard-of honour of asking him to mix the punch for the evening, he was the secret envy of the other men, from the lieutenants up to the pompous old Major, who for the last three months had been affording amusement to the post by his advances to the Colonel's daughter.

. . . . . .

Billy and Miss Halstead had just passed out into the moonlit garden, where palm leaves glistening with dew threw clear-cut bluish shadows upon the walks. From his seat on the verandah the Major watched them sulkily for a time, and then turning to a lieutenant with a pimply face and thin, straight hair parted in the middle, said: "He's the most conceited pup I ever saw. I'd like to take him down a peg."

"He'll be taking himself down before long, if I'm not very much mistaken," replied the Lieutenant, blowing a smoke-ring through his nose.

"How's that?" asked the Major, all attention.

"I know for a fact that he lost four thousand pesos on to-day's races, and he's over at the convent gambling with the padre and his clique whenever Miss Halstead can spare him. You know as well as I do what that means," he added, reminiscently.

"But where does he get the money? His salary is only two thousand."

"There's plenty of money in the treasury, Major," the Lieutenant replied, with a laughing sneer, and, rising, passed languidly across the room to flirt with a bejewelled mestiza who was making eyes at him from behind a sandalwood fan.

The Major sat absorbed in thought for a few minutes, then rose, and, without a formal leave-taking, went to his quarters and began to write a letter to the Treasurer of the Philippine Islands.

The dance was over, and, although it was long after midnight, Billy sat upon the verandah of his house with an unlit cigar in his hand and gazed at the motionless banana leaves as they glistened in the intense tropical moonlight. So he had won the Colonel's daughter. As he had already passed the military examination at Manila, it would not be difficult, with the Colonel's influence, to obtain a commission in the regular army, and then he could drop his present distasteful job.

As he passed into his bedroom he paused before a photograph of a Tinguian girl that he had taken with his kodak. "You couldn't understand the game, Loling," he said at length, smiling oddly. "You would have to wait a couple of thousand years till the Americans educate the Filipinos up to the proper standard."

Ten days later Billy glanced out of his office window and saw a little red-whiskered man, dressed in khaki and carrying a black satchel, crossing the plaza towards the treasury door. In a moment of inspiration he divined that it was the Treasury Inspector, and, locking the door, he slipped out of a back window, ran along behind a row of native shacks, and finally came out upon China Street. Entering a shop, he made his way through groups of natives who were haggling with Chinese clerks, nodded familiarly to a wrinkled old Chinaman who was painting hieroglyphics in a book, opened a narrow side door, and disappeared in a dark alley. Groping his way along to a corner, he fumbled about until he found an iron ring suspended at the end of a rope. Seizing this, he swung himself up through a small opening into a dark room above, and, climbing over bales of hemp, crates of crockery-ware, and great forty-gallon jars of native sugar, he gave a low whistle at a particular spot in the wall. In a moment bolts were shot back on the inside, and Billy passed through a small door into a room lighted from the top.

"Good afternoon, Ah Fong. Business brisk?"

"No, no, Señor," protested the almond-eyed Celestial, as he removed a pot of melted metal from a charcoal fire. "No got nuff money for chow."

"Oh, come off!" said Billy, going over to a drawer and taking out a handful of pesos still warm from the mint. "I want to borrow nine thousand of these till to-morrow night. I'm not going to give you any note of hand for them—you've got enough of my paper now. To-morrow night at dark I'll bring back every peso."

"No got! Señor, no got!" whined the Chinaman, holding up his claw-like hands in protestation.

"Look here," said Billy, coming close to him, "do you want me to hand you over to the Constabulary?"

The Chinaman looked him in the eyes and laughed. "You no remember, Señor. Me vamos calaboose (jail), you vamos all same place."

Billy had one more card to play, and he played it with a promptness that took Ah Fong off his guard. Whipping out his revolver, he levelled it at the Chinaman's head. For a moment the Celestial looked into the barrel, and then, muttering something in his native language, crossed over to the wall, removed a few bricks, pulled out several sacks of money, and began to count out the 9,000 pesos.

The next morning Billy started for the office before eight o'clock; but when he reached the door he found the little red-whiskered man there before him.

"If you will oblige me with your books and open the safe, we'll proceed to business at once," said Inspector Perkins, eyeing the Treasurer narrowly.

Billy complied with his usual careless grace, chatting all the while. First, the Inspector pounced upon the cash and counted it; then for two hours he examined the books in a way that made Billy smile. At last he shut the ledger with a snap, scrawled something in a note-book, and, turning to Billy, said:

"I find everything correct, Mr. Armitage, and your books are models. Allow me to congratulate you."

The Inspector then went straight to the telegraph office and sent the following message to the Treasurer of the Philippine Islands:

"Report about Armitage unfounded. All straight. —PERKINS."

. . . . .

Billy lounged on his back verandah in a big Spanish easy chair and looked out across miles of banana groves and rice fields divided by rows of feathery bamboos to the mountains beyond. Presently there was a light footfall on the farther end of the verandah, and the Tinguian girl whose picture hung on his bedroom wall came hesitatingly forward.

"Hullo! Loling. I began to think you were not coming," said Billy in her native tongue. "I have been waiting for you ever so long."

"I saw you with the beautiful white woman when you rode through the cocoanut grove, and I thought you did not want me," she answered slowly, looking away toward the mountains.

"Why, Loling!" Billy said, in a tone which the Colonel's daughter had never heard.

The girl came forward, and, wrapping her grey striped skirt about her shapely bare ankles, sat down upon the floor before him. Coiled about the masses of her jet-black hair and encircling her finely rounded arms from wrists to shoulders were strings of gaily coloured beads. She was a pure pagan, the daughter of Batchoy, the Tinguian chief who lived up in the mountains, and whose people for three centuries had stubbornly refused Christianity at the hands of the Spanish friars.

"Loling, you have the most wonderful eyes I ever saw," said Billy, as he looked into the upturned face.

"Play for me," she said, simply, and Billy took up his banjo. As the music went on Loling regarded the

(*Continued on page 552*)

Now in the Land of Caine

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, THIS WEEK PLAYING IN DOUGLAS, I.O.M.

With her husband, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh is, this week, appearing in Douglas, Isle of Man, where we hope Manxmen will be more exhilarated by English drama than Londoners are (at present) with a certain Manx production

(Continued from page 550)

player with a look of child-like wonder in her dark eyes, which was the sincerest tribute to his charms that Billy had ever received.

When at last he paused and flashed upon her one of his rarest smiles, she rose and, coming solemnly forward, removed a string of agate beads from about her neck, and slipped them over his yellow curls. Then she turned, and, in spite of Billy's pleadings, went quickly down the verandah and was gone.

Billy took off the beads, and as he turned them over and over, he suddenly recalled the significance of what Loling had done. These beads were the family heirloom of the chief, and their gift was a formal proposal of marriage. It was dark before he rose from the easy chair and carried the beads to his bedroom.

. . . . .

Billy had been for a long ride to the beach with his betrothed, and was walking his tired pony across the plaza, when an orderly handed him a telegram. It read:

"*Buen Vieja* lost off San Fernando. Was hemp insured?—SMITH, PETERS AND Co."

"That's a fool's question," said Billy, as he slowly tore up the telegram. "How could I insure anything in this God-forsaken hole?"

In a few days the salaries of all the provincial officials would be due, and Billy knew that the funds were perilously low. That evening he called again at the shop in China Street, and started towards the narrow door.

"Ah Fong vamos Manila, Señor. No come back," said the old Chinaman who sat upon a high stool behind the counter painting hieroglyphics as usual.

"What?" exclaimed Billy, dumbfounded. "You lie, you wrinkled old heathen! Here, give me a light, and I'll soon find out."

The Chinaman gave him a tiny tin lamp, and Billy was soon climbing over the bales of hemp and crates of crockery-ware. The door to Ah Fong's den stood wide open. The place was deserted, and not a trace of the counterfeiter's work remained. Billy bullied and threatened the Chinamen in the shop, but they would only tell the one story—Ah Fong had gone to Manila, and was not coming back.

Billy returned to his house, got ready for a musicale at the Colonel's, and was picking idly upon his banjo until it was time to go, when the Belgian with the smoked goggles appeared upon the verandah.

"Good evening, Mr. Armitage. I believe you have the coolest and most sightly spot in town." And, dropping into an arm-chair, he hunched his broad shoulders until they were on a level with his ears.

"Well, what is it, Grou? You needn't put on any frills."

"Just a little matter of business, Mr. Armitage. Ah Fong—I think you know the gentleman—sold me some of your notes of hand, and——"

"Ah Fong can go to the devil and you can go after him," said Billy, springing to his feet.

The Belgian regarded him steadily through his inscrutable goggles. "Don't get impatient, Mr. Armitage. Business is business. As you know, the way you raised the money to buy that hemp was a little irregular, and your relations with Ah Fong since then——"

Billy sat down again and began to laugh. "So that's your game, is it? Well, you've got me where I can't squirm out very well. All I can do is to play the old game with the funds of the dear Filipinos. Call round at the office about half-past seven, before any of my clerks are about, and I'll fix matters up. You'll have to excuse me now, as I have an engagement."

"Oh, certainly!" And the Belgian smilingly took his departure.

At half-past seven the following morning the Belgian entered the Provincial Building and tried the door of the Treasurer's office. It was still locked. By eight o'clock the native clerks had arrived and were standing about waiting for admittance, but the Treasurer did not come. At last Mr. Grou began to grow suspicious and went over to Billy's house. It, too, was locked. For a moment he stood with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched as if someone had dealt him a blow on top of the head; then he laughed and started off down the street. Within an hour he had disposed of Billy's notes to a Chinaman at a discount of twenty per cent., and was on his way to Manila, not to return.

The disappearance of Billy Armitage was so sudden and complete that at first all his acquaintances suspected foul play, and Secret Service men tried every possible clue. After the musicale he had bidden good-night to Colonel Halstead's daughter upon the verandah, and started for home with his banjo under his arm. That was as far as the Secret Service men ever got.

When the temporary Treasurer arrived and a large deficit was discovered in the provincial funds, the suspicions of the authorities were aroused; but as no clue to Billy's whereabouts had been discovered, the matter was not made public.

Three months later the army was withdrawn, and at the end of six months, in that land where no American is sure of remaining a week in the same place, there was not a single white man left in the town who had ever seen Billy, or who knew his story.

. . . . . .

It was the most daring robbery that had been committed since the Americans came to the Islands. An Inspector of Constabulary, with a native sergeant, while escorting a bull-cart containing 50,000 pesos from the beach up to the town, had been held up in broad daylight by a masked man with a rifle, and compelled to drive the cart to a cove, load the money into a boat, bundle the terrified teamster into the bow, and then get in themselves and row as they were directed. For three hours they pulled out to sea until they came under the lea of a small uninhabited island, where they were ordered to put up the sail, and jump overboard and swim for their lives. In an hour the boat disappeared behind a headland. It was late the next afternoon before the men succeeded in attracting the attention of a Government launch that was passing, and by that time not a trace of the robber could be found.

Several weeks after the robbery Li Sin, the unfortunate Chinaman to whom the Belgian had sold Billy Armitage's promissory notes, was standing behind the counter of his drug stores doing up sugar-coated opium pills, when a Tinguian youth entered and asked for some quinine. If he had asked for a statue of Buddha, Li Sin could not have been more surprised, for he knew that a Tinguian would die before he would swallow anything bitter. When the boy handed him a bright new peso for the medicine his eyes suddenly narrowed

(Continued on page 554)

The Dip Delightful, As Enjoyed Not So Very Far from London

Photo *Nicholls*

A MERRY BATHING PARTY AT CLIFTONVILLE

(Continued from page 552)

to two slits, and he glanced at the ornaments on the lad's helmet-shaped hat. They were those worn only by the son of the chief.

An hour later Li Sin sat in the Constabulary quarters talking with the commanding officer.

"It must have been a pipe dream, Li," said Inspector Harding. "You cut off a little too much opium."

"No, Señor, true dream. Me saw 'Mericano ladrone, with hair all same gold. He have got muchos pesos. You give four thousand pesos, me dream where is money."

Inspector Harding sat back and laughed at the ingenious Celestial. "Better have the dream first, Li, and then we'll talk about the four thousand pesos."

When Li Sin, who would not have risked his neck among the Tinguians for a million pesos, saw that there was no alternative, he went home to have the dream, and the next morning he returned to the Constabulary quarters and informed the Inspector that the man who had stolen the 50,000 pesos lay sick of fever in the hut of the Tinguian chief Batchoy, high up in the mountains in the village of Tacac. The money was hidden in the hut.

How Li Sin had come by his information Inspector Harding had not the remotest idea, but he had enough faith in the business instincts of a Chinaman to start with twelve picked Ilocanos who knew the hill country on a secret expedition to the village of Tacac.

As it was exceedingly difficult to surprise a Tinguian village, the little company had approached Tacac by a circuitous route through the mountains. Early one morning as they were passing a wooden ravine, they heard a woman's voice chanting a melancholy air somewhere in the grove.

"Listen, Señor," said the native sergeant, "it is the song for the dead."

Leaving the others behind, Inspector Harding and the sergeant went cautiously into the grove.

"Look, Señor, it is the beautiful Loling and the Americano with the yellow hair," whispered the sergeant.

In a niche in the cliff, shaded by the branches of a tree, were two ebony gods about a foot in height, and before them upon the grass lay the wasted form of Billy Armitage. Beside him knelt the daughter of the Tinguian chief, rocking to and fro and chanting the dirge for the dead. According to the ancient custom of her people, Loling had brought her dead hero to the tribal shrine in this mountain fastness, and was supplicating the twin gods of her race that in the other life the fair Americano might again be hers.

At last the chant became an inarticulate wail, and, as if to despoil her beauty that no other man might look upon her and desire her, she began to remove the beads from her arms and from the heavy masses of her hair.

With a sudden sense of guilt Harding cursed himself for his vulgar curiosity, and, followed by the sergeant, went quietly back to his men.

In the chief's house they found Billy's banjo and rifle, but no trace of the money. They were told that he had married Loling, using the ceremony of her people, and that he had given many dances and great feasts, and large gifts of money, and would have been their chief at the death of old Batchoy, had not the white man's fever come and taken him away.

BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

Elephants Leaving the Stream after a Morning Bathe at Katugaskotta, Ceylon

A typical scene is this in Ceylon, a region which is becoming more and more popular with globe-trotters and travellers to and from Europe and Australia or the Far East as a place of call where a short stay and a tour of exploration may be enjoyed among some of the most fascinating scenery in the world

Quite the Latest!

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

TWO POSSIBLE MEMBERS OF THE NEXT CRICKET TEAM TO VISIT US FROM SOUTH AFRICA!

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Holy Orders." By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)

"The Claimant." By Weatherby Chesney. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Anne Page." By Netta Syrett. (Chatto and Windus.)

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S "HOLY ORDERS"

Je M'Accuse!

I confess that, like many another reviewer, I have often had the impulse to be ironical on various occasions when discussing the writings of Miss Marie Corelli. This has been wrong of me. Miss Corelli is a writer of such tremendous force, animated by such unquestionable sincerity and solicitude for the public weal, that she demands serious criticism, even if one disagree with her. It is positively simian to greet with a continuous grin a writer who has so genuine a claim to rapt and serious attention. My excuse for past irony is that, during the last year or two, Miss Corelli has been extravagant in her censure of the Press of the day, suspecting it to be as a city of the plain—lacking the presence of one just man.

* * *

"The Drink" as the Key to Human Misery

Feeling that, whatever the shortcomings of others, one is, personally at least, trying to do one's duty in sampling the literature of the day fairly and without prejudice, there was, perhaps, a justification for the smiles. But I do not wish them to attain the permanence of ancient lights. *Holy Orders* (Methuen), Miss Corelli's new novel, is a more powerful book than its immediate predecessor. In it "The Drink" is represented as practically the key to whatever crime and misery there exists to-day, whether in the "stupid village," of which the chief character—the Rev. Richard Everton—spends his life, or in the "stupider London," to which he later on, as a result of sensational notoriety, repairs. The bad beer sold by "Minchin's Brewery" is represented as the corrupting influence of Shadbrook, the village in question. The drunkenness of one of its labourers is the first cause of this "tragedy of a quiet life." Dan Kiernan, drunk, does two things—(1) nearly murders his wife, Jennie; (2) conceives a passion for Jacynth, the beautiful village "light o' love." In the course of seeking to reclaim him, Everton's pretty wife goes to Jennie's bedside and commits the folly of telling her of her husband's infidelity. This is the indirect cause of her death, and the husband, drunker than ever, vows vengeance. In a year or so, he executes it. Again drunk, he kills Azalea while she gathers primroses in a wood, escapes, and, more drunk than ever, is knocked down by the motor-car of—Jacynth, risen in the world, and married to a Jewish millionaire. Consequent on the crime, Richard, by dint of his subsequent sermons, attains notoriety in the Press (thanks to Jacynth, whose husband is in a syndicate). In London, he preaches, and talks so fearlessly against social evils, particularly "The Drink," that the world trembles. By way of a crowning indictment of "The Drink," Jacynth, whom Everton meets in her metropolitan glory, and discovers to be still the village "light o' love," is made to meet her own death as a consequence of the drunkenness of one of her lovers while ballooning *à deux*.

* * *

Miss Corelli's Increasing Tolerance

The most noteworthy parts of the story, which is frankly sensational and full of thrilling incidents, are the orations of Everton. These are models of invective, and their indictment of everybody, more or less, in society, is strong. But Miss Corelli is not one-sided. She gives the devil his due. Even the brewer, as championed by one of the Shadbrook publicans, is allowed a lucid defence. The drunkard, Kiernan himself, makes out quite a plausible defence of the art of getting drunk, while Jacynth, on the merits of the career of a "light o' love," is irresistible—even the parson finds her arguments difficult to answer. Catholicism, which has hitherto enjoyed Miss Corelli's extremest disfavour, is treated almost encouragingly in *Holy Orders*. The sentiments expressed by the little priest Douay—a delightful and most soothing character—are of an exceedingly plausible character. One has the impression that, despite all the denunciations put into the mouth of Everton, Miss Corelli herself is growing a little more tolerant.

* * *

A Few Words on "The Drink"

That much said for the novel—it is the veriest passing glimpse—what of its lesson? Are we, first, at all to accept Miss Corelli's estimate of the extent of drunkenness in this country? Had this been penned twenty years ago, one might have felt its efficacy; but is it not an absolute and proven fact that drunkenness in *all* ranks of society is to-day a disappearing vice? Miss Corelli traces tragedy after tragedy, crime after crime, to drink; but I venture to say she could have penned the self-same story, and recounted the identical incidents of *Holy Orders*, in a community in which the characters were one and all inflamed by nothing stronger than lemonade. How many murders are done in drink? The most horrible are committed in dead sobriety. Are envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—the prime causes of misery in our midst—traceable to drink? Offences against morality will continue to be committed long after the last

Licensing Bill has passed the last Liberal Parliament and exterminated the last publican and the last brewer. Miss Corelli might drain the country of every dram of liquor and yet fail to remove misery. The mere denunciation of "The Drink" indulged in by Everton shows him to lack logical impetus. It is the human predisposition to excess in all things which should be preached against, not merely one thing in which we exceed. As to Miss Corelli's renewed attacks on the Press, I can only be hopeful that, in time, she will discover that there are here, as in everything else, influences which counteract, as well as those which cause, evils. There are honest men and honest papers—even in London to-day!—papers which dare to say what they think as freely, if not quite so emphatically, as Miss Corelli herself, despite the dread dangers of boycott. Why, instead of railing against the whole Fourth Estate, does not Miss Corelli ascertain the names of those papers, and work *with* them towards common ideals? Is she not the greatest journalist of us all?

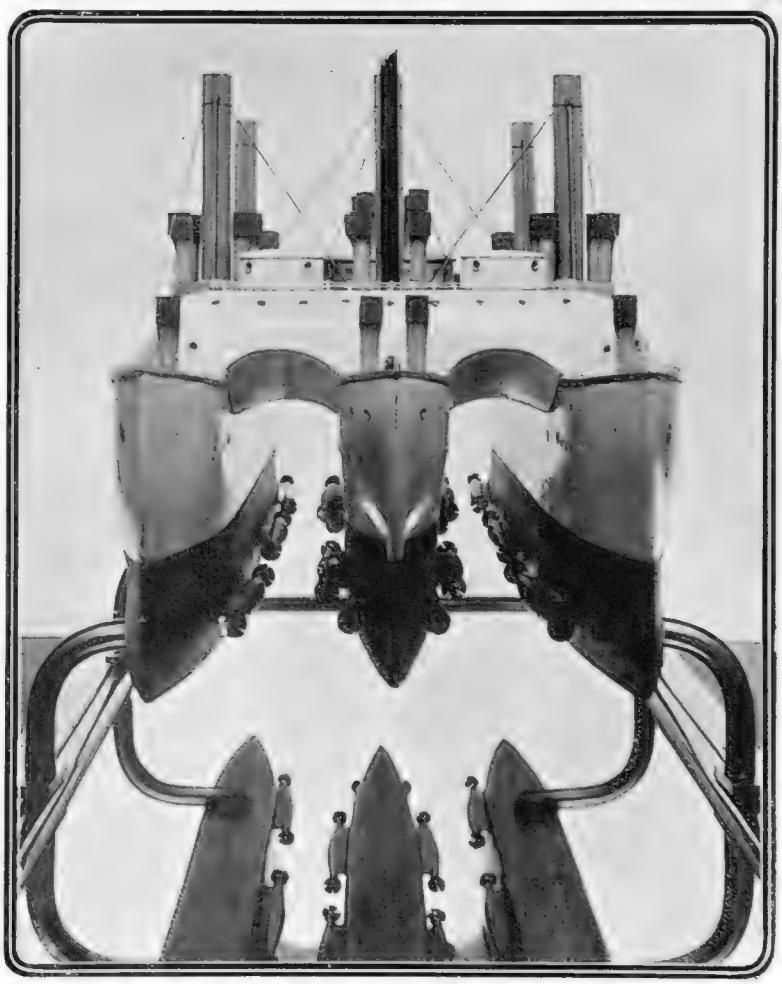
* * *

"The Claimant"

In *The Claimant* (Chatto and Windus) Weatherby Chesney succeeds in mystifying the reader fairly effectively. One is genuinely puzzled whether the "Mr. Wortley" who turns up and claims to be Sir Eustace Holland, owner of the Holland estates, after fifteen years absence abroad under the shadow of a charge of selling Admiralty secrets to France, is or is not that erring baronet. He gives himself airs in plenty, particularly towards the villain of the piece, Harvey Wiseman, illicit distiller. This person aspires to marry the fair Mary, the claimant's supposed sister, and the claimant is most virtuously insistant of his pretensions, partly because he rather fancies Mary himself and partly for other reasons. He is, also, very censorious of the misdeeds of Mr. Wiseman over the distillation, conveniently overlooking the fact that he is himself, to the outside world, either an impostor or a traitor. Mr. Chesney, really, makes very light of Sir Eustace's supposed misdemeanour. He merely betrayed his country! The British aristocracy may be guilty of many forms of crime, but selling secrets to foreign Powers is a novelty. I think Mr. Chesney would have been well advised to avoid such daring originality, and to have made it mere murder, for that is, at all events, gentlemanly. You cannot, on the other hand, make much of a villain out of an illicit distiller, whom one is inclined to respect—if successful—as a belligerent against arbitrary Government rather than an offender against moral law. Such a dilemma as that of the claimant in real life would have proved too much for any man, but in this novel, the "hero" succeeds in lasting out. His motive in claiming the estates is a chivalrous desire to protect the Holland family from the claims of the dead baronet's wife and her illegitimate son, and confession thereof to Mary Holland, the sister, enables him to proffer his love. In the end, all turns out well, for the claimant is himself somebody quite important—the heir to a peerage, to which he ultimately succeeds, and disaster stills in death the dastardly distiller. The story is readable and exciting, if in its foundation decidedly implausible. V. C.

A Charming Novel

The novels of Miss Netta Syrett have interested the critical reader of fiction since the old "Yellow Book" days, when her work appeared full of youthful promise. But her last two books have done more than interest—they have delighted. In the present volume, *Anne Page* (Chatto and Windus), the author has set herself a difficult task, and accomplished it with easy grace. The book as it stands, although highly naturalistic and amusing, is also an idyll both in conception and treatment. It is a novel of manners, but a poem in spirit. Above all, it is a work of art. If there be law in literary Illyria, *Anne Page* will certainly live. To recount its simple and yet original plot and the delicate qualities of the style would not serve to heighten the pleasure of reading, and so I venture to say, merely, read it.



A "Trip-Ship": A Novel Design for the Ocean Express of the Future

A model of the triple-ship, which Mr. James Dickie, in his book, *The Ocean Express of the Future* (Lorimer and Chalmers, Edinburgh: 6*d*.), maintains will outdistance any of our present ocean greyhounds, a speed of 30-35 knots being easily obtainable at a very moderate cost. The water-resistance is much lessened by having three narrow hulls, while the propelling power is equally divided along the keels instead of being all concentrated at the stern of the vessel

Out with the Devon and Somerset

RECENT MEETS AT HAWCOMBE HEAD AND DULVERTON

A Meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Hawcombe Head

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Hunt Meets in the Streets of Dulverton

Though the drought sadly affected the scent at the very opening of the season, the coming of the rain has greatly improved the going, and the outlook is a highly satisfactory one. Some pretty gallops have been enjoyed and good sport obtained

OUTDOOR LIFE

HUNTING. POLO. SHOOTING. GOLF. FOOTBALL. LAWN TENNIS

HUNTING. By A. W. C.

September Stag-hunting

Now that September is well under way, the cream of stag-hunting is being hugely enjoyed by large crowds on Exmoor, and what more delightful for the horseman than these long gallops over moorland grass and heather, with here and there difficult patches needing a great deal of getting over? And all amid surroundings of glorious picturesqueness. For the unwary rider there are many traps and pitfalls in Devon and Somerset, and the visitor who attempts to make a short cut to hounds when he sees others taking what seems to him to be an unnecessarily long *détour* will quickly find himself in trouble. Why September sport on Exmoor is usually better than that enjoyed earlier in the season is because both deer and hounds are at their fittest, and the early autumnal days are generally cooler and more suitable for riding to hounds than those of August.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds

Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, the Master (mounted), who announces his resignation at the end of the season, and Captain Harry Amory, Secretary to the Duke of Portland, at a meet at Dulverton

Smaller Fields

By the end of the month the crowds with the Devon and Somerset will begin to grow appreciably smaller, and a few weeks later the locals will have it practically to themselves. Visitors who go annually to Exmoor from the Shires and other fox-hunting districts will be hurrying back to see the late cub-hunting, and to complete their preparations for the regular season. I hear that, in spite of the efforts of the Devon and Somerset and Sir John Amory's pack, the red deer are still increasing in number. In fact, they have become more plentiful than the farmers and other property-owners like them to be. There is really room for another staghunt in these counties, as the Devon and Somerset hounds cannot efficiently cover the whole ground. The Quantock's pack have been much missed since Mr. E. A. V. Stanley gave them up. And now this keen sportsman is about to resign the Mastership of the Devon and Somerset after two seasons in office. All regular followers of the pack will be very sorry to lose him.

Cub-Hunting Mornings

Cub-hunting has not yet become general, but nearly all the packs in the Midlands have made a start, and by all accounts most of them have put in a lot of good hard work. With the growing popularity of fox-hunting have come increased fields at the covertside on cubbing mornings, but it can be given as an axiom of truth that Masters of Hounds and their huntsmen do not welcome a lot of horsemen during September. A crowd is superfluous on the scene, and often a hindrance when young hounds are receiving their first weeks' education in the business for which they are so carefully bred. Somehow a little spin in the open in September, even though fences are hopelessly impracticable, is sweeter than a gallop of double the distance and pace in the heart of the regular season. But these gallops are "stolen fruit," and no hunting man with the real interests of his pack at heart ought to ride out early on a September morning solely in the hope of a run in the open. If he attends the cubbing fixture it should be with the desire of quietly watching hounds in their work and of rendering any assistance to the officials which lies within his power. In that event his presence in September will be tolerated, and even welcomed, by the M.F.H., but in the ordinary way the educational programme is much better accomplished without a crowd of onlookers. The crack packs in the Shires are in the same hands as they were last season, with the exception that the Quorn have a new huntsman, George Leaf, in place of Tom Bishopp.

POLO

King Alfonso as Polo Player

Some weeks ago THE BYSTANDER announced that the King of Spain would probably be seen in a polo match during his brief visit to England. This came to pass last week, when his energetic Majesty paid a flying visit to Rugby, and, undeterred by heavy rain and waterlogged turf, threw himself most enthusiastically into a well-contested polo match. It was no drawing

Eastbourne's Own Little Marathon

room game. The King was mounted on some of the best of the Messrs. Miller's ponies, and he made them gallop their hardest. Occupying the responsible position of No. 3, his Majesty was remarkably quick on the ball. The heavy ground, which soon became cut up, prevented the onlookers from gaining a true idea of his accuracy in hitting; but he made the ball travel when he did get hold of it, and there is no doubt but that he will make an excellent player with further practice. He played for the 16th Lancers, and very appropriately, as he is Colonel-in-Chief of that regiment. With him were Colonel Gough and Lieutenants Graham and Howard. Their opponents were Madrid, for whom the Marquis de Viviana, the Duke d'Albe, the Duke de Peneranda, and the Marquis de Villavieja turned out.

country. There has been much mortality among the young birds in the Newmarket district of late, which is a tremendous disappointment after a splendid hatching season. But it is still hoped that the stock will be found to be not very far below the average on the majority of the best shoots in this neighbourhood, notably on the Six-Mile Bottom Estate, where it is said that the birds have done considerably better than on adjoining manors. It is here that Mr. Pierpont Morgan is to entertain his friends for the shooting. King Edward seldom misses a few days with the partridges in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, and this season will probably again be the guest of Sir Ernest Cassel for sport on the well-stocked Chippenham estate.

Photo *Breach*

Eastbourne's Own Little Marathon: The Competitors Completing a Lap Round Devonshire Park Track

The great event at the athletic meeting held at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, recently, was a sixteen-mile Marathon race, for which there were twenty-three starters. The winner was H. F. Barrett, of the Polytechnic Harriers, who covered the distance in 1 hr. 41 min. 27 sec.

There was plenty of excitement at the finish, as in the last ten minutes the Spanish team drew level at five goals all. It was almost with the last stroke that the Lancers hit the winning goal. This match was sufficient to show us how keen King Alfonso is about polo, and, thanks to his example, there should be a great future before the game in Spain.

SHOOTING

With the Partridges

Dreary in the extreme was the opening day of the partridge season. Rain in torrents and wind in gales are not at all ideal conditions for shooting, so it may well be imagined that many parties did not carry out their intention of going out on the "First." So far the best sport seems to have been had in North Wales and Cheshire, thus verifying the statement we made last week that partridges would be found more numerous here than in most other parts of the

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

Solitude or Crowds?

When annually the blissful time comes round for the golfer to choose a happy hunting-ground for his holiday, he is faced by two alternatives. Shall he go to St. Andrews, North Berwick, or any other of the famous Scottish links, where he will live "crowded hours of glorious life," or shall he select some deserted spot such as Machrihanish or Machrie, where he will be more or less lord of all he surveys? The choice is not an easy one, although it may seem perfectly simple to decide on one or other alternative. At St. Andrews, or any other favourite Scottish course within reasonable hail of Edinburgh, he knows that he will be sure to meet many old friends, and that his golf will be varied and exciting. Each day he will go through the thrilling moment of scanning the list of the ballot for the morrow to see whether he is a happy sheep with a good number or an accursed goat relegated

Canoeing on the Hudson

HOW HUNDREDS OF NEW YORKERS OCCUPY THEIR SPARE TIME

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

During the summer months hundreds of New Yorkers now spend their spare time across the River Hudson, at the spot known as the Palisades, where the great attraction is canoeing. It will be noticed that when the canoe tips, it may again be righted by bearing heavily on the stick that projects from the side

Football Makes Its Début

to the inferno of the supernumerary list with the prospect of waiting at the first tee like some disembodied spirit for the unlikely chance of a failure to appear on the part of one of the chosen couples which will enable him to catch the eye of the speaker in the box.

St. Andrews' Joys

But if he does get a number his round is sure to be full of incident. Apart from the fact that he will have a large choice in the matter of antagonists so as to vary his game from day to day, he will, as he goes out, meet a constant succession of friends on their homeward way, and will be able to interchange the fortunes of the day with them, while as he returns a fresh stream of outward-bound pilgrims will again meet him. Then at the club or hotel in the evening, when the day's labour is over, he will foregather with his friends and tell all over again the interminable tales which golfers delight in, and in which they recount their own misfortunes and the misdeeds of their adversaries, or their glorious deeds of derring-do and the miserable failures of their opponents. Each man will pretend to listen to the tale of the speaker, but will really be only waiting impatiently for his cessation so as to recount his own story. Perhaps he will venture to the Bridge tables and exchange the delights of golf shop for the hazards of "hearts and no trumps."

Reigning Alone

On the other hand, he may say to himself, "St. Andrews is no good—the crowd is too great—the chances of the ballot are too fickle; there are too many women, children, and duffers about. I want good golf and a clear green every day—my holiday is too precious for the risks of a crowded course." So he tries to find one or three others of a like mind who will join forces with him and go off to Islay or Machrihanish. There they will have the place to themselves. No need there for starting boxes or ballots. A start can be made at any hour, and as many rounds can be played as the light and the golfer's vital forces will permit. On their rounds the party will probably meet no other living soul, and beyond the cry of the curlew and the beat of the Atlantic there will be nothing to disturb them. Yet I warrant that after a week or two of this solitude the golfer will say, "Better live in the midst of alarms than reign in this deserted place," and will begin regretfully to think of the joys of the crowded courses. Finally, if he is bent on improving his game, he had better boldly plunge into the vortex of St. Andrews or North Berwick, for in the variety of antagonists he will encounter there his game, by mere force of intuitive imitation, is bound to improve, and his holiday will have combined pleasure and instruction for him. Give me the crowded ways of golf, say I, and let others keep the deserts.

FOOTBALL

The Opening of the Season

Though the replayed tie between Manchester United and the Queen's Park Rangers for the Football Association Charity Shield—won by the former by 4 goals to nil—attracted a large crowd to Stamford Bridge on Saturday week, the "Soccer" season did not, of course, officially open till the first of the month. The season's début was marked in London by the fine performance of the Tottenham Hotspurs, who scored a victory of 3 goals to nil over the Wolverhampton Wanderers' Cup-winning eleven.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Opening of the Football Season: The Charity Shield Match between Manchester United and the Queen's Park Rangers at Stamford Bridge

Though football proper did not begin till September 1, the replayed tie for the Football Association Charity Shield took place on Saturday week at Stamford Bridge, Manchester United beating the Queen's Park Rangers with comparative ease by 4 goals to nil

Autumn's First Race Meeting

WELL-KNOWN SPECTATORS AT DERBY

(1)

(2)

(3)

(4)

(5)

1. Lord Henry Grosvenor in the Paddock
2. Lord Cholmondeley (on right) entering the Paddock
3. Mr. J. P. Arkwright's Battle Axe Wins the Devonshire Nursery Plate
4. Lord Coventry Watching Starters Parading
5. Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) in the Paddock
6. Two Prominent Owners: Captain Clayton (on the left) and Mr. Reid Walker

Cold and wet weather militated against the success of the Derby Meeting this year, while the absence of the usual house-party at Chatsworth also robbed the fixture of much of its social brilliancy. Nevertheless, the sport witnessed was all of an interesting character, the chief feature of the meeting being the defeat of White Eagle, the St. Leger favourite, in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, by Mr. Houldsworth's Ardentrive

Photos *Sport and General*

RACING: Doncaster Prospects. BY "CARBINE"

The St. Leger

We shall soon know all about the race which has been discussed day after day for two months past. The struggle will hold the vast multitude on the Town Moor spell-bound for little more than three minutes, and then

Like the crash of hill-pent lakes,
At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar!

And in whose honour will the crowd cheer? Could we but know! Will it be for Your Majesty, who on all recent form is fully entitled to the place of favouritism he firmly holds? Will it be—and this would be the more enthusiastic cheer—for Signorinetta, the heroine of the Derby and the Oaks, whose task it is to confound those critics who have slightingly compared her with the most moderate Derby winners of the past? Will it be for Norman III., victor in a searching trial last week, or for Primer, of whose chance Kingsclere is quietly confident, or for the rather mysterious Ebor, or for some little-thought-of outsider like Pom? The answer must be postponed until midway through Wednesday afternoon; but meanwhile we shall find it interesting and possibly profitable to make a final survey of the prospects of the probable starters in the hope of foreshadowing the result.

Concerning the Favourite

First let us talk of the favourite. When Your Majesty finished "down the course" in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, who could have imagined that he would eventually become nearly an even money chance for the St. Leger. But his trainer always had a good opinion of the colt, and was disappointed when he was unluckily prevented from letting him have a cut at winning the Derby. It was a little consoling, however, when Your Majesty proved his quality at Ascot, and since then he has gone from good to better, and is honestly enough at a very short price for to-day's race. If you go to Doncaster with a clear head you simply must recognise the great merit of the form of Mr. Joel's representative. Yet in racing there are such things as hot favourites bowled over and book form squashed. We had an example when White Eagle was beaten at Derby last week. And so the crowd, not liking short prices, will look for something "to beat the favourite."

The Epsom Heroine

Many a sovereign will go on Signorinetta purely out of sentiment. Associated, however, with her romantic career is the matter-of-fact record of great things accomplished. Even if she finds defeat in the St. Leger her name and fame will live far longer than those of her conquerors. Say what you will, it cannot be any ordinary racer who wins the Derby and the Oaks, and the stamina which pulled her through at Epsom may enable this filly to win at Doncaster. The drawback in her case is the fear that her recent illness will have pulled her down constitutionally. The Chevalier Ginistrelli says she is as well now as when she achieved her dual triumph; but, of course, she will have to be appreciably better if she is to score in the St. Leger, as the colts she polished off at Epsom have most of them improved in condition since that memorable race. What is more, the filly will suffer from the loss of her ordinary jockey, W. Bullock, who, poor fellow, is now in Newmarket Hospital instead of being about to take a prominent part in the St. Leger. "Skeets" Martin will now be her rider. Having considered all things, I fully expect to see Primer reverse the Derby running with Signorinetta, knowing that the Duke of Portland's colt has done a splendid preparation and is thoroughly fit and well.

Outsiders and a Forecast

A feature of the past week has been the strong advance into favour of Norman III. Nor can we wonder, seeing that the American horse has beaten in a trial no less distinguished a stayer than Radium. This seems to be good enough for Doncaster, and will no doubt cause Norman III. to be greatly preferred to his stable companion, Santo Strato. Ebor, as I have said, is something of a mystery, as, though he has been knocked out of the betting, and reported to have been beaten in a trial, he remains the "tip" of the so-called sharp division. Maher didn't ride White Eagle at all well at Derby, but he will know the colt better now, and will unfailingly have his crowd of followers in the St. Leger, yet I think that if Mr. Hall Walker's "fleet" of three is destined to create a surprise, it will be through Pom. Bembo is much too uncertain a creature to trust, and Siberia seems hardly good enough. Finally, I cannot escape the conviction that **Your Majesty** will fight out the finish with **Primer**. The suggestion is that both should be supported, and Primer "each way." **Norman III.** should fill the remaining place.

Other Events of the Week

Next to the St. Leger, the most interesting race of the week will be the Doncaster Cup on Friday. Last year the success of Velocity caused general amazement, and thousands went down over **The White Knight**, who ought, however, to regain the losses this week. Cocksure II. was at one time supposed to threaten most danger to him, but it is now thought best to reserve him for the big race at Hull on the following day. **Mercredi** is my selection for the Rufford Abbey Handicap on Wednesday, **Elmstead** for the Portland Handicap on the following day, and **Ardentrive** for the Park Hill Stakes on Friday. At the Hull meeting at the end of the week the Gold Cup may be won by **Malua**.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

As in former years, the Opening of the Hunting Season will be marked by

A SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER

OF

"THE BYSTANDER,"

which will appear on October 7. The price will be 6d. as usual.

Championship Golf in the Principality

Photos *Sport and General*

The Welsh Amateur Championships at Southerndown: Mr. G. Renwick, the Winner, Approaching the 1st Green

The Welsh Amateur Champion of 1906, Mr. George Renwick, was again successful at the Championship meeting at Southerndown last week. After some exciting golf in the preliminary rounds, the final was fought out with last year's champion, Mr. L. A. Phillips, who, however, seemed to be quite off his game, and was somewhat easily beaten by 7 up and 5 to play

LAWN TENNIS

Tournaments at Home and Abroad

Despite abominable weather, the Chichester Tournament recorded its usual large entry. In the final of the Singles, C. O. Tuckey had a protracted match with G. A. Thomas. The latter has been rather uneven of late, and thus the victory of Tuckey did not occasion much surprise. Perhaps the chief upset of the meeting was the defeat of Thomas and Crawley in the Doubles by J. Ganzoni and T. E. Milburn. At Dinard the weather had a very "damping" effect on the proceedings. Dr. Eaves, the holder of the Cup, provided a study in changeable form, his play being at times of the poorest. In the final of the Singles he was most brilliant, and completely smothered F. M. Pearson, who only got two games in the two sets. In the Doubles, however, partnered by A. H. Porter, his play was quite mediocre, and Pearson and R. V. Forbes had a fairly comfortable victory.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A Statesmanlike Policy

Every unbiased person must commend the Committee of the Royal Automobile Club. At a time when prejudice and ignorance have been allowed an extravagant license by a sail-trimming Press, and motor-phobia has been fostered and coddled into an intolerable nuisance, the executive of the R.A.C. has made a welcome, dignified, and uncompromising stand, worthy of the best traditions of the ruling body in automobilism. I make no apology for giving in full the resolution passed on the subject of the International Four-Inch Race for the Tourist Trophy, which, indeed, I highly commend as a judicial pronouncement of the first order. It runs: "The Committee, having considered all the arguments for and against the holding of the Four-Inch Race in the Isle of Man on September 24 next, resolve that the International Four-Inch Race for the Tourist Trophy be held in the Isle of Man on September 24 next, the Committee being satisfied that every precaution has been and will be taken against accidents to the public or to the competitors." Quite so. The Committee has resolved to keep faith with the motoring industry, which is committed to the expenditure of some £50,000 over this competition; the Committee has resolved not to nullify the work of the Manx authorities, who have made considerable disbursements in making ready the racecourse in the confident anticipation of a rich harvest being garnered by the inhabitants of their island from the visiting motorists; and the Committee has resolved to treat with the contempt they deserve all strivers after a little cheap notoriety, whose business appears to be everybody's but their own. In a word, the R.A.C. has realised its chief *raison d'être* as an organisation for the encouragement, development, and protection of automobilism, and, with a full sense of the responsibility involved, has done its duty.

* * *

Our Legal Status

A correspondent draws my attention to a somewhat remarkable decision given in a recent County Court case, and asks for an expression of my opinion thereon. The plaintiff, it appears, was driving a pony and trap and the defendant riding a motor-bicycle in the opposite direction. As the two vehicles were passing each other "two sharp explosions in the engine of the motor-cycle" startled the pony, which promptly bolted, upsetting the trap and spilling the driver, who sustained injuries. The contention for the plaintiff was that if the explosions were avoidable the defendant was guilty of negligence, and if, on the other hand, they were unavoidable, the motor-cycle was a nuisance, and the defendant was liable for riding it on the public highway. The defence, according to a report in the *Motor*,

Photo *Cribb*

Mariners as Motorists: A Meet near Portsmouth Dockyard of the Naval Officers' Motor-Cycle Club

The World's Tribute to Antipon

The Marvellous Tonic Remedy for the Permanent Cure of Obesity in any Stage of Development.

Pounds of Superfluous Fat Taken off Weekly without Food Restrictions, Drugging, or Fatiguing Gymnastic Exercises. A Simple, Harmless, Pleasant, and Exhilarating Home Treatment that Rapidly Restores Physical Beauty and Strength.

Those who have suffered for a length of time from excessive fat development, and who have finally had the good fortune to discover, from personal experience, what the Antipon treatment is capable of doing for them, are never behindhand in expressing their thankfulness. Doubtless ere this they have found to their cost that partial abstention from nourishing foods, persistent drugging, and other abuses that render old-time treatments and their modern counterparts so weakening, are really powerless to effect a lasting reduction of weight without injury simply because such methods cannot conquer the obstinate tendency to overstoutness. That the famous Antipon treatment does truly effect this result is abundantly proved by the brilliant testimony with which the Antipon Company have familiarised the public, and which may be examined by anyone so inclined at their offices. It would be impossible to advance clearer proof of the marvellous efficacy of Antipon in cases of very long-standing obesity than the voluntary letter received from a Yorkshire lady, of which we give the following extracts:

"I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the results of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until, in a sort of desperation, I began taking your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first course I weighed just 14st. (I am 5ft. 11in. in height); now I weigh 10st. 1½lb. I have had the clothing I wore in February weighed; it was 2½lb. heavier than what I wear now. Allowing for this difference, I am 52lb. lighter than I was before taking Antipon. But, better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I may regard my cure as permanent." This long-suffering lady adds, very pathetically: "I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon!"

This eloquent testimony is not so surprising when we know that Antipon is regarded by the most eminent authorities as the standard remedy for the radical cure of corpulency. For instance, that well-known physician, Dr. Ricciardi, of Paris (27, Avenue Marceau), has been so pleased with the results obtained from Antipon that he has voluntarily put it on record in the following letter: "I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity: all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous. You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products."

All sorts and conditions of men and women have been grateful enough to acknowledge the priceless benefits they have derived from Antipon. Here, for example, is a letter from a non-commissioned officer, Sergt. F. G——, R.G.A., who writes from the barracks at Devonport. He says:

"Antipon is a marvellous remedy. I was 13st. 5lb. before taking the course, and have lost 2st. 2lb., and I am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state that this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity, and an excellent tonic as well."

The great tonic properties of Antipon just alluded to are extolled in nearly every letter received by the Antipon Company. A married lady, writing from Weston-super-Mare, is very emphatic on this point. She says: "I enclose cheque for a nine-shilling case of Antipon. I am now quite my original size, but I feel so much better when taking your preparation that I now continue it as a tonic."

From all parts of the globe they come, these glowing letters of praise. This is what a lady resident in Bombay, India, has to say. Her letter has been published before, but will bear repetition:

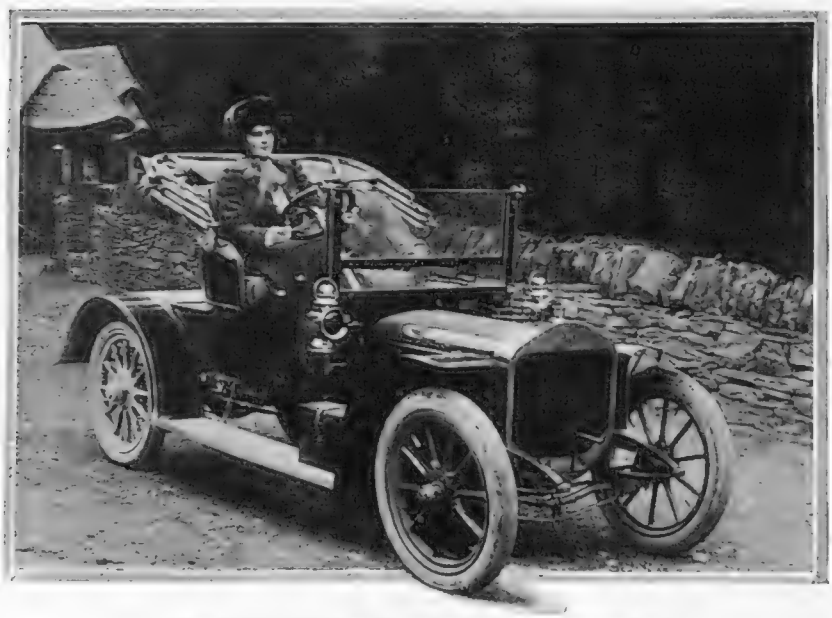
"When I started Antipon I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

No sooner is the Antipon treatment begun and the first doses are taken than the subject experiences a feeling of exhilaration, due to the remarkable tonic qualities of the remedy, and within a day and a night there is a decrease (which may be proved by the scale test) varying between 8oz. and 3lb., according to the degree of obesity, condition of health, etc. After this the daily reduction is eminently satisfactory, and the return of health and vitality keeps pace with the improvement in figure. Appetite is greatly improved owing to the tonic action of Antipon on the entire digestive system, and the subject may enjoy wholesome food to his heart's content without retarding the cure, because, as we have already stated, the aggravating tendency to put on too much flesh is eradicated during the process of weight reduction.

Antipon contains none but the most harmless vegetable substances in solution, is very agreeable and refreshing, and has no discomforting effect upon the stomach or bowels. It is equally convenient to take as a private treatment, whether at home or away from home.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

contented itself with the contention that a motor-bicycle is not a nuisance in the sight of the law, and that there was no evidence of negligence, but nothing appears to have been said as to any possibility of contributory negligence on the part of the driver who failed to hold his pony in hand. The judge held there was no negligence on the part of the motor-cyclist, but said the defendant was liable for putting his machine on the public highway, and that its use was a nuisance, and damages were accordingly awarded to the plaintiff. If this ruling is to go unchallenged, there certainly ought to be an immediate and lasting boom in steam and electric vehicles as the only exponents of the perfectly silent car warranted to back-fire under no conceivable provocation, as even our most highly lauded six-cylinder petrol cars can scarcely come up to the standard of silence required by that County Court judge. The matter, I think, should certainly be made the subject of appeal, and I hope the motorist is a member of the Motor Union, and that he will lose no time in putting his grievance before Mr. Rees Jeffreys.



A Smart Little 12-14 h.-p. Straker-Squire Car at Frenchoy Park

I am not a person skilled in the mysteries and subtleties of forensic complications, but I must confess that my endorsement of Mr. Bumble's famous dictum will be hearty and vehement should it be successfully maintained that a motor vehicle, *per se*, is a nuisance at common law.

* * *

R.A.C. Chairman's Manifesto

H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, has issued an appeal which should be carefully considered and faithfully followed by every motorist. The main points advocated by Prince Francis are an exercise of the greatest consideration at all times in the matters of dust raising, undue speed in villages and townships, excessive use of sirens, exhaust whistles, and the exhaust cut-out, and the taking of the greatest care when approaching or passing any kind of vehicle. Towards a solution of the dust problem H.S.H. contributes the suggestion that all car-owners should provide themselves with a speedometer, "as I am confident that this would have the immediate effect of greatly reducing the speed at which some vehicles now—unconsciously, I am convinced—approach corners and travel through villages and towns." The Prince adds: "It is my intention to lay propositions before the Committee of the Club to the effect that it shall devote its almost exclusive attention during the autumn and winter months to the careful study of the causes of, and remedies for, the complaints made against motor-cars and motorists generally, with the object of giving effect to the results of its deliberations and investigations in this direction. I go further and say that during the year 1909 I hope to make the work outlined the primary work of the Club on account of its paramount importance. The technical work of the Club should, I consider, occupy a secondary position at this stage until the dust question has been in some degree settled, and until some effective means have been found for checking inconsiderate driving on the part of those who by their conduct have raised a spirit of opposition to the motor vehicle." This is a manly and straightforward pronouncement of a policy of the utmost importance and benefit to the whole community, motoring and otherwise, and as such I trust will commend its acceptance to every reader of The Bystander.

Comyns Beaumont.

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Miscellanea

Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Ltd., of 10, Great Marlborough Street, have brought out the "Perfect Distance Recorder," which can be fitted with ease to the hub-cap of any make of car. It is claimed for this distance recorder that it is the cheapest, simplest, and most reliable on the market.

Sir Bache Cunard writes to Mr. Percy Richardson in terms of the highest praise of his new six-cylinder Sheffield Simplex car, which, he says, is a revelation to him in the way in which it picks up speed and takes the steepest hills on top speed in the easiest manner.

Jermyn Street Motor Hire and Repair Garage will be found replete with all necessaries by motorists resident in the district. The garage is situated in Wells Street, St. James's, S.W.

Sir Peter Walker, Bart., of Osmaston Manor, Derby, has just acquired a 42 h.-p. Daimler landaulette of the Aston type.

The latest in competitions comes from America, where, at Chicago, a detachable rim changing race was held recently. Honours went to four Continental-Vinet rims, which were changed by a couple of workmen in 5min. 48sec., or 79sec. per rim.

The Motor Club Clay Pigeon Sweepstakes held at Neasden recently proved a great success, and it is certain that some more will be held soon. Mr. Charles Jarrott proved successful in two events, the Club Open Sweepstake and the Double Rise Driven Birds, Mr. Alfred du Cros won the High Tower Sweepstake, Mr. Brocklehurst the Driven Birds, and Messrs. Charles Jarrott, H. du Cros, Jun., and H. Rich divided for the Handicap.

A New Carburettor.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W., have placed upon the market a Carburettor which is perfectly automatic at all speeds, and will guarantee a considerable saving in petrol, with increased power and flexibility.

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The Garden.

By H. C. DAVIDSON

Annuals for Early Flowers

One advantage of sowing the seeds of hardy annuals now is that the plants have a much longer period of growth than those raised in spring—they are practically converted into biennials—and consequently they may be transplanted without any appreciable loss of their flowering capacity. The seeds may, therefore, be sown in a special bed, and the seedlings moved either in autumn or in spring to the beds or border in which they are to flower. If possible, they should be lifted with the trowel, and transferred with some soil adhering to the roots. A few may be killed in winter, but if a number are left for filling gaps that will not matter much. There is nothing more beautiful than a well-arranged border of perennials, all growing in great clumps or masses and merging into one another, but it is difficult with them alone to keep up a constant succession of colour from, say, March to the end of October. And that is the object which should be aimed at in every garden. It is here that annuals, in combination with perennials, are most useful. Those sown now and transplanted later to the positions in which they are wanted will flower in early summer, and those sown *in situ* in spring and at intervals afterwards will go on until they are stopped by frost. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various kinds, they are so well known, but collinsias, clarkias, godetias, malope, nemophila, and Shirley poppies are among he hardiest.

The Beauty of the Poppies

With the Shirley poppies alone it would be possible to make a garden beautiful. They are exquisite in form and colours, admirable alike for beds, borders, or vases, and they last longer than their delicate petals would suggest. As some confusion seems to exist about them, it may be pointed out that they should not show a trace of black, the antlers being a golden yellow; if they do, they are not true Shirley poppies, and should be weeded out and no seed should be saved from them. The Iceland poppies are equally charming. In their native habitat they are perennials, but in our hotter climate they often die after flowering, and must in that case be treated as annuals. It is rarely necessary, however, to sow the seed. As a rule, great numbers of seedlings spring up round the old plants, and when they are large enough they may be moved to where they are wanted. If the pods are picked off they flower throughout the whole summer—indeed, from the beginning of June to the end of August—and this makes them especially valuable. The Alpine poppies are a smaller race, but in every other respect are precisely like them. Papaver pilosum is a poppy with flowers of an unusual and very effective shade of colour, nearly buff. It needs moisture in summer, and lasts longer if slightly shaded during the heat of the day. The grey foliage adds to its attractiveness. It is a perennial.

A Woman's Note Book

Nothing New Under the Sun

"A Group of Scottish Women," by Harry Graham, is a book which deals with a number of notable women through various periods of Scottish history, and its perusal makes us pause to wonder whether, after all, the new woman is entirely a modern institution, or quite so brand new as we thought her. Is she a person of fixed ideas, strong determination, great independence? Then there have existed many before she was discussed so vehemently. Is she a scholar, a student, a wit? What else were the brilliant heroines of the Paris *salons* and some of our own noble ladies in past centuries? Is she intrepidly brave, or merely muscular? All the same, we seem to have heard of her. Why, she did all she wanted to do ever so far back into the dim mists of prehistoric eras, and if she hadn't a latchkey, it is not denied that in the Middle Ages a vote might be accorded her. The chief Lady Abbesses of England sent their representative to Parliament, though they did not make much noise about it. Boadicea, Lady Godiva, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, what were they all but that thing we have now strangely enough elected to call the "new woman"?

A Book of Heroines Wanted

The Suffragists and others interested in women's causes ought really to bring out a volume on notable women: women who did things strange and unusual in their own times (perhaps things that would be regarded with disfavour even were they performed to-day), and are now called heroines. There are many examples of such women, and it would be well worth the while of those interested in womanhood, ancient and modern, to tell these old tales again, dressed with a new meaning. But in spite of the popular prejudice in favour of the idea, the women of old were not all angels. Strangely enough, in days when they were supposed to be gentler, the more determined often seized their way in a fashion we should now call lawless, and though in manners one is led to suppose they showed greater refinement, a few specimens of womanhood stand out as displaying a peremptory attitude before which we should shudder—as Queen Elizabeth, for instance, when she boxed people's ears. There are not enough books written about women. No subject is so interesting to the average woman, though I am aware this true statement will meet with prompt contradiction. Biography, not only of great, wild women like the Queen I have just mentioned, would make a valuable addition to our literature, and be helpful and stimulating reading for all, especially for our young people. We have a biographical series called "Men of Action." Have we, then, no women of action?—saints, students, queens, nurses, and Suffragettes?

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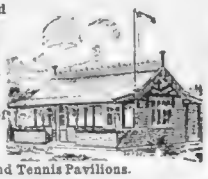

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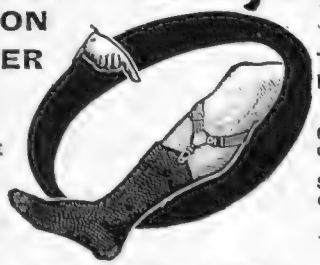

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FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

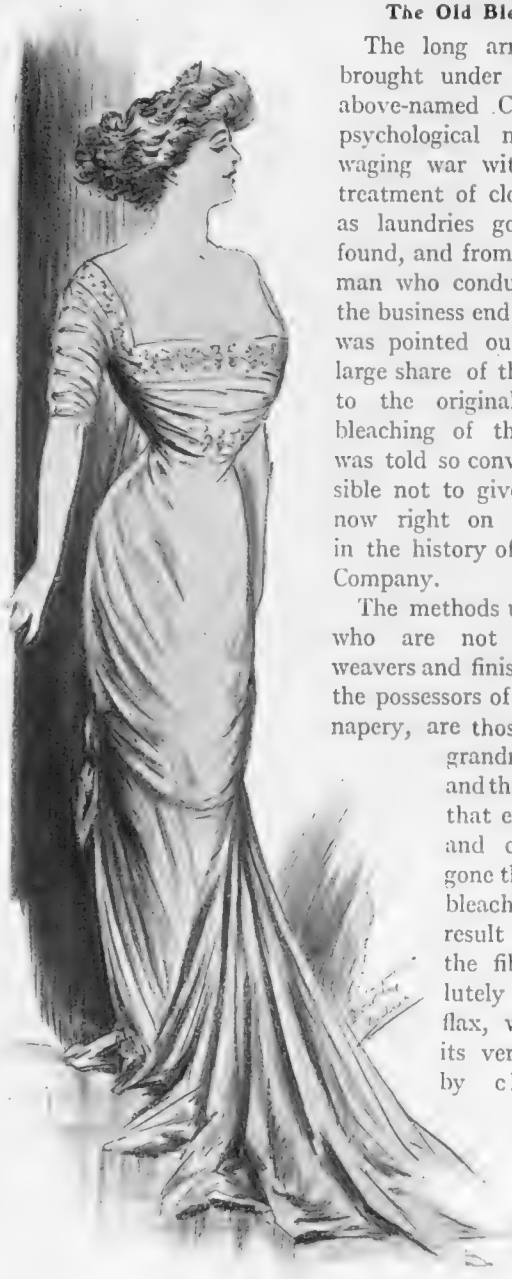
I would, of a truth, infinitely rather talk of a batter-pudding than a *mode* this week. Nothing smarter than a short tweed skirt, allied to a flannel or silk shirt, has crossed my line of vision during the past seven or eight days. But, to my credit be it said, I am ready to wax enthusiastic or condemnatory according to circumstances over even this modest attire.

How extraordinarily well a really well-bred Englishwoman looks in a simple knockabout get-up, now that she entrusts the making of her shirts to men-tailors. I refer—of course that is well understood—to the strictly tailor-made shirt. There are many diversities of shirts, but only one tailor-made, in the strict sense of the term. It speaks a volume indeed for the worth of this garment when perfectly turned out that it has successfully withstood the onslaught of the cheap plagiarising manufacturers, and holds to-day as strong a position as ever it did.

Shirts of Crêpe de Chine

Nothing in the shirt line has pleased me more than the models built of heavy *crêpe de Chine*. A white *crêpe de Chine* shirt, closing with three fairly large pearl studs, and worn with a white scouring cloth skirt, provides a noticeably smart alliance, one that might safely exploit its charms during the prevailing months of late summer on the moors, adding, for those days that have the first autumnal chill in the air, a white knitted coat, faced back with white *gros* grain.

But to return to the shirt, which has sufficiently enthralled Mrs. Dorothy Millar and myself as to be accounted a subject worthy of a sketch. This little picture, even in its restricted black and white presentment, is eloquent enough, the constructive treatment consisting of alternate groups of fine tucks and a box-pleat. But that which we like especially is the finish at the throat, this comprising a turn-over collar of white muslin, the edge hemstitched, supplemented by a little plain tucked muslin chemisette. The cuffs, again, are of the hemstitched muslin, the whole design being noticeable for its tasteful simplicity. It is most important, however, to bear in mind that the *crêpe de Chine must* be of the heavy-weight quality, since on that rests its success.



A Classical Evening Gown

In *mousseline* satin, the skirt being arranged with one of the straight-knotted draperies, set from a high-waist folded corsage

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Old Bleach Linen Company

The long arm of coincidence has brought under my observation the above-named Company, just at the psychological moment when I was waging war with a laundry over the treatment of clothes generally. It is, as laundries go, as good as can be found, and from the intelligent head, a man who conducted the argument at the business end of the telephone, there was pointed out to me how a very large share of the deterioration is due to the original manufacturing and bleaching of the goods. The story was told so convincingly it was impossible not to give credence to it; and now right on top comes verification in the history of the Old Bleach Linen Company.

The methods used by this Company, who are not only bleachers, but weavers and finishers, and who are also the possessors of exclusive designs for napery, are those of our great-great-grandmothers, sun-bleaching, and they absolutely guarantee that every article produced and offered by them has gone through a genuine grass-bleaching process, with the result that the whitening of the fibre is attained absolutely without harm to the flax, which has, so to say, its very blood taken away by chemical bleaching processes. An infamous offender, too, is the manufacturer who bleaches in the sun for two or three days and finishes up with chemicals, subsequently selling the goods as grass-bleached.

The Bystander, September 9, 1908

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 249.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, September 9, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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By Order of the Executors of W. E. Ratcliffe, Esq., deceased.
ON THE SHORES OF THE SOLENT.

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VIEWS OF SURPASSING BEAUTY
over the anchorage and racing course of the Solent and the Hampshire coast. The House is solidly built of stone, is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains ample accommodation for a family.

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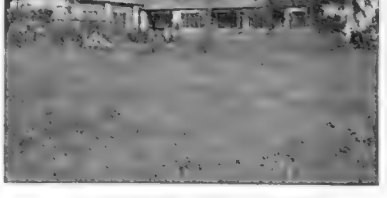

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PAYS THE ENTIRE UP-KEEP OF THE GROUNDS.

—Full particulars of this charming little Property of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,022)

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PERFECT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 21 ACRES.
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TO BE SOLD, a pretty little PROPERTY, extending to 783 acres, including a comfortable House, with 7 bedrooms; stabling for 11; old-world gardens, tennis lawn, woodland walks, and ornamental lake; model farm; 2 lodge entrances, and cottage.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (870)

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GLORIOUS SITUATION OVER 800FT. HIGH.
VIEWS EXTEND TO SOUTH DOWNS.
HOG'S BACK, LEITH HILL, AND OTHER BEAUTY SPOTS.

TO BE SOLD, the above delightful RESIDENCE, erected 10 years ago in a most thorough manner. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings; the grounds were carefully planned and are now well matured.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,023)

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, COTTAGE, AND 50 ACRES.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE the above charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,912)

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE: large dining room with French windows opening to lawns, drawing room leading into conservatories, morning and breakfast rooms, above are 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout; main drainage, Company's water; stabling for 2; the grounds, quite the feature of the Property, extend to 4½ acres, and contain some fine old specimen trees, full-sized tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden and meadow; picturesque lake and boat-house; small farmery. An additional meadow of 4 acres could probably be rented if desired.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,938)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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A FIRST-CLASS HUNTING CENTRE.

TWO AND A HALF MILES from a good station on the L. and N.W.R. main line, near church and R.C. chapel.—To be LET, for the Hunting Season, a very desirable and well-furnished RESIDENCE, which is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: lounge hall, billiard and 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, ample domestic offices; excellent stabling for 16 and ... The House is well lighted, and the sanitary arrangements have been recently reconstructed.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,875)

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Specially Appealing to City Men or Others Requiring to be within easy daily reach of the Metropolis.

UNIQUE MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

150-ACRE ESTATE (or more land if required), together with the above RESIDENCE, to be SOLD. The accommodation comprises all the reception rooms, bed chambers, offices, and conveniences requisite for the occupation of a good-sized establishment, and is replete with all requirements compatible with present-day ideas of comfort and luxury, whilst the stabling, outbuildings, and cottages are in character, and proportionate with the residence. The pleasure grounds and park are grandly timbered, and watered by a fine lake and stream, and possess beauties which are rarely equalled. The sporting and social qualifications are unusually good, and the property generally may be justly described as one of, if not the, most charming of its kind within a similar radius of London.—Inspected and very highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

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FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

ADJOINING PINE WOODS, ON THE BERKS AND HANTS BORDERS, AND ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR FROM PADDINGTON.

£1,200 WILL PURCHASE the above little HOUSE, containing: 4 bed, 3 sitting, and bathrooms, standing in well-wooded grounds, including tennis lawn, and well-stocked garden; gravel soil; acetylene gas.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,435)

LEICESTERSHIRE (between Melton Mowbray and Loughborough, in the centre of the Quorn Country, about 2½ miles from Syston, a junction station of the Midland main line, about 8½ miles from Melton and Loughborough, and only about 7 miles from Leicester, whence London is reached in less than 2 hours, while other important centres are equally accessible).—The very valuable Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as

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about 283 acres in extent, practically within a ring fence, and comprising the above gentleman's moderate-sized Residence, standing in well-timbered pleasure grounds and parklands, and approached through an avenue of chestnuts and sycamore by a long carriage drive: 5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 12 horses; croquet lawn, 2 vineries, etc.; a well-equipped set of buildings, including accommodation for 34 horses, and which, together with the well-watered and rich pastures and arable lands, form an ideal Stud or Pleasure Farm. Another gentleman's Residence or Hunting Box known as "The Oaks," and two other smaller Residences; a parcel of very fertile building and accommodation land, several cottages and small holdings, the whole producing actual and fairly estimated rentals amounting to nearly £1,200 per annum. Hunting six days a week (Quorn and Mr. Fernie's), polo, golf.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the whole for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908 (unless previously Sold Privately).—Particulars of Messrs. CROFTON, CRAVEN and WORTHINGTON, Solicitors, 36, Brazennose Street, Manchester; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

SURREY (near Woking; about 10 minutes from the station; on a sandy soil, close to the Pine-wood country and to several golf links, and in a first-class Residential district).—The exceedingly valuable and attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as "GRAYLANDS," 8a. 2r. 23p. in extent, very advantageously situated close to Horsell Moor and Common, and including the above substantially constructed and well-arranged Residence, surrounded by beautifully matured and self-contained pleasure grounds, with suitable glasshouses, stabling, and other outbuildings, together with three small meadow enclosures, having extensive road frontages, and being eminently ripe for building development.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. F. A. and A. W. MELLERSH) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, September 15, 1908, at 2 o'clock, as a whole, or in the following Lots (unless previously sold):—

Lot 1.—"Graylands" and Pleasure Grounds	A4	0	20
Lot 2.—Residential Building Site ..	1	2	12
Lot 3.— do. .	2	1	30
Lot 4.— do. ..	0	2	1

Particulars of Sale of Messrs. BURCHELL WILDE and Co., Solicitors, 36, Victoria Street, S.W.; Messrs. F. A. and A. W. MELLERSH, Surveyors, Godalming; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

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FAVOURABLE OPPORTUNITY TO ACQUIRE A REALLY DELIGHTFUL MODERATE-SIZED ESTATE.

FOR SALE, a handsome RESIDENCE, seated in a finely timbered park, the property extending to about 300 acres. Noble suite of reception rooms, billiard room, over 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, and very complete domestic offices; fitted throughout with every modern comfort and convenience, including heating and lighting by electricity; splendid stabling, men's rooms, cottages, and appurtenances; hunting with fox and stag hounds; trout fishing on the property. Personally inspected and very highly recommended as one of the most desirable moderate-sized estates now on the market.—For full particulars apply to Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., London.

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ADJOINING A LOVELY BREEZY COMMON.—The above delightful old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by fine old-world grounds adorned by magnificent old timber. Contains: 13 bed, 2 bath, 4 large reception rooms, very good offices; most convenient bright house; modern drains; water and gas laid on; good stabling; lovely old lawns and rose gardens, paddocks, 14 acres in all. LET or SELL. Inspected and strongly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,843)

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MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY MANSION.

UNDER ONE HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.—An opportunity occurs of acquiring one of the FINEST RESIDENTIAL ESTATES in the Home Counties: suite of reception rooms, billiard room, over 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms; ample stabling; several cottages.

HANDSOMELY TIMBERED PARK,

approached by long carriage drives, with lodge entrances, well away from road and motor dust, and surrounded by

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS.

—Fullest particulars may be obtained of the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WILTS AND HANTS BORDERS. — Good SPORTING ESTATE of 600 acres, with above well-placed moderate-sized House: 9 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception; good stabling, and very pretty grounds; farm and cottages let off at very low rent; coverts well placed. Freehold for SALE.—Inspected by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

700 PHEASANTS REARED.
1,300 ACRES EXTRA RENTED.
CENTRE OF CRAVEN.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—To be SOLD, at a low figure, a well-placed RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-timbered parklike land and exceedingly pretty grounds: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom; excellent stabling; cottages. The whole Property extending to

OVER 50 ACRES.

In perfect repair throughout.—Strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHREWSBURY (near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 3 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses; cottage.

RENT, ONLY £130 PER ANNUM.

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OLD-WORLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

G.W.R. (in a lovely position, surrounded by finely timbered park and lovely old grounds): suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling.

OLD OAK PANELLING.

Well away from road and motor dust. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure.—Inspected and recommended as a really choice property, in perfect order, by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,200.—**ESSEX** (40 minutes of City).—A charming little PROPERTY, standing in about an acre, lovely old-fashioned garden, paddock, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, greenhouse, stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; 1 mile of station.—Full particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,736)

HANTS (Winchfield District).—To be SOLD, a charmingly placed modern RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 11 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.: 2 lounge halls, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom.

WELL AWAY FROM ROAD AND MOTOR DUST.

High, bracing, gravel soil, glorious views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,907)

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.
ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF MODERN TIMES.

£1,700 WILL SECURE an exceedingly choice PROPERTY in Surrey, 17 miles of London, and 1 mile of station. Exceedingly pretty well-timbered grounds of 2½ acres: hall 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, etc. An extra 2½ acres can be had if desired.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,610)

BRADFORD-ON-AVON. — To be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good reception rooms (2 panelled), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, greenhouse, flower and kitchen garden; gas and water laid on. Rent, only £50 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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WINCHFIELD DISTRICT (in a favourite old-world village, away from motor dust).—Well-furnished HOUSE for the Winter months: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 4 and good rooms; nice garden.—Personally inspected by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (873)

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be SOLD, the above fine old

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE,

in excellent repair: large hall, oak staircase and gallery, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; detached ballroom.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS

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MUST BE SOLD (for family reasons), this charming RESIDENCE, exceptionally well built for owner's occupation, secluded in grounds of 1¼ acres: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 reception rooms, etc.; in perfect order; stabling, paddock, tennis lawn, etc.; ideal situation, 400ft. above sea level, on sand soil, near celebrated pine woods and Woburn Park; excellent residential district.—Box K 3,686, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX, in a pretty village, 5 minutes' walk from a station, and about 10 miles of the sea.—To be LET, a conveniently arranged and pleasantly situate RESIDENCE, standing in lovely grounds of 2½ acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servant's hall, etc.; stabling for 3, coach-house, etc.; tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, and paddock. Rent, £130 per annum.—Box K 3,936, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£100 DOWN WILL SECURE a delightful RESIDENCE in an open situation, within 5 minutes' walk of Hanwell Station (G.W. Ry.). It contains: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices; gardens back and front. 92 years' Lease at £8 10s. Ground Rent.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,067, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HISTORIC RESIDENCE IN OLD-WORLD GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER.
COTTAGES, STABLING, Etc.

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS, in a secluded position, yet under a mile from an important town, with frequent fast service to London.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an exceptionally interesting and historic RESIDENCE, in beautiful preservation. It dates back to 1551, and is said to have been the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; also servants' hall and usual offices; exceptionally fine detached stabling; 4 good cottages; small farmery; Company's gas and water; main drainage; old-world gardens, wide spreading lawns, adorned by clumps of shrubs, sloping to the river's bank; magnificent old deodora, acacia, and other trees; prolific walled kitchen garden and small orchard; private fishing rights.—Full particulars of Box K 4,029, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

KENT.—For SALE, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 438ft. above sea level, near station, and within 50 minutes of London. The accommodation comprises: 5 good reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 3 horses, and 2 cottages for gardener and coachman; the grounds, which are finely timbered, extend to about 3¼ acres, and contain towering masses of rhododendrons, shady avenues, and shrubbery walks; the Residence is prettily overgrown with wistaria, Virginia creeper, roses, ivy, and other climbing plants.—Price and full particulars on application to Box K 3,619, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—For SALE, a picturesque RESIDENCE, formerly a farmhouse, recently modernised regardless of expense. It enjoys a perfectly secluded position, 300ft. above the sea, with South aspect: billiard, 5 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6; shady pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive fruit and vegetable garden, and 3 enclosures of rich old pasture, in all about 15 acres; excellent hunting; shooting and fishing can be had in the district.—Price (two-thirds can remain on mortgage) and further particulars of Box K 3,828, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO CITY MEN.

SURREY.—One of the most charming PROPERTIES, situated within 8 miles of Charing Cross, for SALE. The well-built House contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, etc.; the grounds (of about 1½ acres) are the great feature, being beautifully wooded and in perfect order.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,120, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF A DEATH.

"WEYCLIFFE," GUILDFORD, situate on an eminence, about 100ft. above the River Wey, commanding extensive views of an enchanting character and surrounded by exquisite old gardens and grounds with a wealth of matured timber trees, approached from the main Portsmouth road by a carriage drive, with picturesque lodge at entrance, and completely secluded. The RESIDENCE (as shown above) was erected many years ago, is of stone, in the Elizabethan style, massive and picturesque; contains oak-panelled hall, carved oak staircase, library, charming drawing room, very handsome spacious dining room panelled in oak, morning room, strong room, complete domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room, carved oak staircase, 11 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom; good stabling with clock tower, and affording accommodation for 6 horses, large partly walled fruit and vegetable garden, capital orchard with young trees, fine range of glasshouses, head gardener's house, gardener's cottage, etc., the total area of the property being about 6½ acres; Freehold.

ALEX. H. TURNER and Co. are instructed to SELL the foregoing PROPERTY at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, September 23, 1908.—Particulars of Messrs. JONES and WELLS, Solicitors, The Square, East Retford, Notts, and of the Auctioneers, 69, South Audley Street, W., and Guildford.

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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Mr. F. J. RONALD,

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6-ROOMED FLATS, FROM £45 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

NOS. 7-15, ALEXANDRA MANSIONS, Blomfield Road.—Situated in this convenient suburb, close to Shepherd's Bush and the Tube Stations; replete with every convenience; resident caretaker; well-arranged bathroom, with hot and cold supplies.
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MINCING LANE HOUSE, Nos. 53-69.—Excellent OFFICES to LET in this imposing building, entirely equipped in an up-to-date manner; liveried porter and lift attendant; passenger lift and electric light; rooms will be divided and decorations completed to their requirements.
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WYMERING MANSIONS, Elgin Avenue.—Conveniently arranged FLATS, just off this delightful thoroughfare; splendid motor-'bus service to all parts; bathroom (h. and c.), kitchen, etc.; electric light; resident caretaker.
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Or to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

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6 ROOMS, FROM £48 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

BONNEVILLE GARDENS, Bonneville Road.—Charming SUITES, situate in this select neighbourhood, to be LET. There are pretty gardens in the front; within a few minutes of the electric trams to all parts; excellent bathroom, with hot and cold supplies; resident caretaker.
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6 ROOMS, FROM £50 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

LORAINE MANSIONS, Widdenham Road.—Conveniently arranged FLATS, situate in quiet road, within easy distance of the Great Northern and the new Tube railway stations, from which the City and West End can be reached in 15 minutes; there is also an excellent service of 'buses and trams to all parts. Resident porter, trade lifts, and all modern improvements.
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GONDAR GARDENS.—Self-contained SUITES in this select residential neighbourhood; within a few minutes of West End Lane Stations; with excellent train and motor-'bus services; all modern conveniences; bathroom (h. and c.).
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ELGIN MANSIONS, Elgin Avenue.—Situate in this high-class residential neighbourhood, just off the main road, with splendid motor-'bus service; bathroom (h. and c.), kitchen, etc., replete with every modern convenience.
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LAUDERDALE MANSIONS, Lauderdale Road.—Well-planned FLATS to be LET; within 5 minutes of main road, from which there is a splendid service of motor-'buses; fitted in a thoroughly up-to-date manner, including electric light, etc.; resident porter; bathroom.
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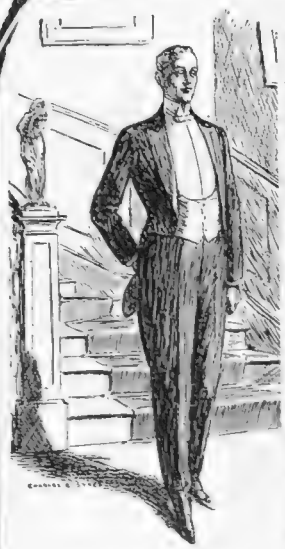

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From £5, Nett Cash.

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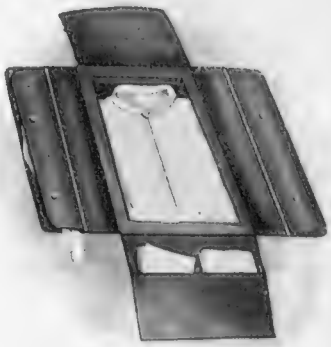
(REGD).

MADE IN TAN LEATHER and in VARIOUS COLOURS.
BROWN, BLUE, MYRTLE, PURPLE, MAROON, etc.



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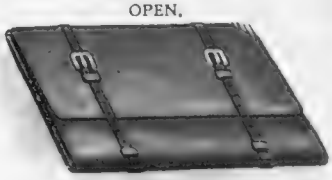

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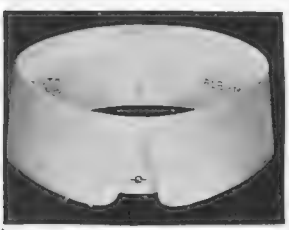

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DRESS SHIRTS, our Celebrated "Matchless" Quality, **5/11** each.

Old Shirts made good as new with Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, at **14/-** per half dozen, returned dressed ready to wear.

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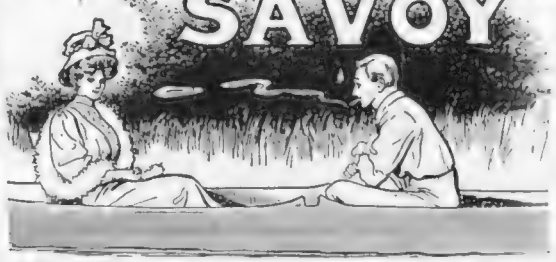
LOCKYER'S CIGARETTES "SAVOY"



REAL TURKISH. REAL TURKISH.
A pleasure to smoke and a pleasure to anyone in your company. Made from the finest Turkish Tobacco imported direct. Guaranteed Perfection. Beautiful aroma. All high-class tobacconists sell them; 25, 2/-; 100, 7/6; or send 4/- for a 50 Trial Box Post Free.
LOCKYER & CO. (Dept. H.),
12-14, BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Economical. Reliable. Speedy. Strong. ALL BRITISH.

STRAKER-SQUIRE CARS

The Latest Success: The Car for Everybody.

The 12-14 H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE (Four Cylinders),

£275 complete. (Two-Seater)

£310 complete. (Four-Seater)

SIDNEY STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off.
RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
IS NOT A DYE.
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.
Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE. C. F. RAVENSCROFT, *Secretary.*

Cool Chins

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin, as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness
Of all Chemists 1/- Send 2d. for sample to (Dept 206) 14a, Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C
Icilma Fluor Cream

RONUK SANITARY POLISH

For Furniture Linoleum Floors etc.
Highly Concentrated.
IN TINS 3d. 6d. 1/- 2/- EVERYWHERE
"RONUK" LTD PORTSLADE nr BRIGHTON
CAUTION.—Beware of imitations. See the word
"RONUK"
(The Registered Trade Mark of the Company)
on every package.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

ELLIMAN'S IN ADVANCE

ROYAL FOR ANIMALS
SEE THE ELLIMAN E.F.A. BOOK.
UNIVERSAL FOR HUMAN USE
SEE THE ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOK.

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

This is the wrapper of
WRIGHT'S
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE
COAL TAR SOAP.
Prescribed by the Medical Profession for over 40 years.

And here we touch the very pulse of the genuine process, which is decidedly more costly by reason of the time required for King Sol to do the requisite work, grass-bleaching taking from three to six months, according to the weight of the material. It is this expenditure of time the ordinary modern manufacturer cannot endure, but it is being proved incontestibly by the Company under discussion that art has for once failed in proving a rival to nature. To avoid all disappointment it must be explained that the Old Bleach Linen Company are wholesale manufacturers entirely, their goods being only purchasable through the retail draper.

The firm has taken every possible contingency into consideration, one important provision early realised being the uselessness of expecting the average buyer to indulge in high-class damask that could not withstand the ravages of the ordinary modern laundry. After long and patient experiment, the firm is now placing before the public a table linen as capable as any weave can be of holding its own against rough laundry usage. The trade mark is a B woven at each corner, and I cannot too strongly urge the necessity of fastidious housewives seeing that they secure these productions, and not the half-hearted specimens so often sold, the which, to speak frankly, are most spurious imitations.

An Attractive Example of the Tailor-made Shirt

(An Original Design by Dorothy Millar)

Colour Inspirations

Living, as the majority of us do at this time of the year, in daily proximity to nature, there is an irresistible tendency with such as are artistically inclined to evolve colour-schemes. Or do I, perhaps, speak from a too limited personal standpoint? For I see teagowns in every sunset, and colour-schemes in everyday combinations of sky and foliage. The slightly subdued note of the herbage is suggestively artistic, the lack of anything *voyant* inviting harmonious alliance of three and even four colours. One realises, in a long vista of heather-land, the delightful possibilities of dull mauves and greens with a suspicion of brown, the dying gorse hinting one of the prevailing amber schemes, while the canopy of a cloudless night sky invites direct consideration of moonlight blue, one of the most entrancing evening shades we have ever been privileged to enjoy, and which attracts me for the consummation of

The Classical Evening Gown

A *mousseline* satin is the fabric requisitioned for this design, the skirt arranged with one of the straight-knotted draperies, set from a high-waist folded corsage, on which an embroidery is worked on the material itself in moonlight blue and grey beads, picked out with dull silver. The close chemise sleeves are of tulle, a few slight folds of a like transparency softening the slight severity of the *décolletage*.

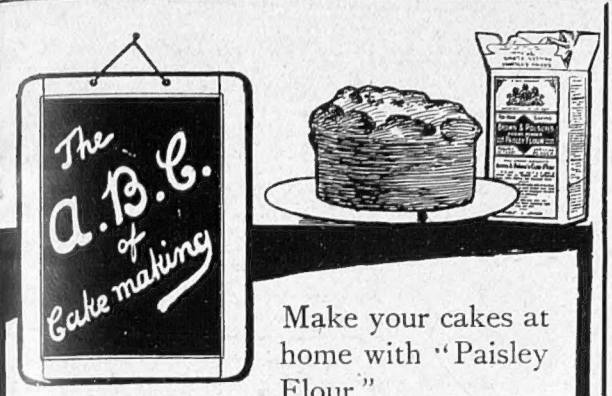
Hats of Stitched Tussore and Taffeta

Although, in company with the ordinary sailor, the golf cap boasts attributes that render it almost universally becoming, it was necessary we should progress on these particular lines, and efforts are made in a variety of directions to get away from the ordinary to the unique. Perhaps the palm is to be accorded the stitched hat with adjustable brim, the latest expression whereof is effected in taffeta and tussore. The flexibility of the brim is one of the chief features of these hats, each wearer adjusting this to her liking, together with some probably individual choice in feather mounts. It seems to be an unwritten law that these hats shall boast a dome-shaped crown, lines of stitching radiating from the centre and continued horizontally round the brim. As may be imagined, by those who have yet to exploit these pieces of silken headgear, the weight is infinitesimal.

A large silk-covered hat, too, is creeping to the fore in the wide-brimmed, rather flat-crowned Directoire shape, admittedly one of the most adaptable styles we have with us. The silk requisitioned for this is of a heavy, ribbed quality, a *panache* of ostrich feathers or cluster of soft wing feathers and osprey adorning one side. A very valiant fight has been made by the abnormally high crown to attain a position of supremacy, but success has not attended the effort, and although I would not venture at this date to predict an entirely retrograde movement, popular feeling decidedly tends towards the lower crown, allied to an abnormal brim, the which, however, with the smart autumn *modes*, will not be consistently straight.

£1,500 in Prizes

Housewives have now an opportunity of winning valuable prizes for culinary achievements, for the sum of £1,500 is being distributed in prizes, at the rate of three prizes per county, for dainties, into the composition of which currants or bananas enter. On page x. full particulars will be found, and as the competition is one in which skill is an essential, it is sure to evoke the greatest interest. No entrance fee is necessary, and, after the judging by Mr. Herman Senn, the well-known cooking expert, the articles will be distributed to hospitals, etc.



Make your cakes at home with "Paisley Flour."

Mixing the ingredients yourself, you know that they are clean, sound and wholesome. Using

"Paisley Flour"

(*Trade Mark*)

instead of baking powder, self-raising flour, or cake mixtures, you achieve light, wholesome and digestible cakes.

"Paisley Flour"—the sure raising powder—is made by Brown & Polson and is to be mixed 1 part with 8 parts ordinary flour. Thus 1d. packet will raise a pound of flour.

7d., 3½d. and 1d. packets.

Refreshing When Hot and Tired.

Fatigue after outdoor exercise is readily dispelled by an exhilarating bath produced by a dash of Murray and Lanman's Florida Water. For any of the purposes of the toilet no perfume is so refreshing and uniformly acceptable as

Murray & Lanman's

Florida Water

Of Perfumers and Chemists, 3/-, 2/-, and 1/-. A case of twelve bottles is an ideal gift for a lady.

Wholesale Depot:
FASSETT & JOHNSON,
32, Snow Hill, London.

Country hats & caps.

Robert
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GANESH PREPARATIONS

(REGISTERED), 'Phone: 3782 Gerrard.

92, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; and NEW YORK.

Patronised by Royalty and Medical Profession.

NEW STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT with the Ganesh Eastern Oil absolutely removes lines, and fills out hollows by bracing the relaxed muscles and feeding the tissues. The eyelids can be treated and lines removed from the lids, making them white and firm; even the eyesight is made stronger.

ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS, as done by Mrs. Adair, is safe and almost painless. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, red veins, etc., are removed without leaving any mark or scar.

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE DEVELOPING OIL is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world, will of itself remove lines, strengthen and give back life to the skin. **30/6, 21/6, 10/6 5/6.**

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones, strengthens and whitens the skin, closes the pores; is a splendid wash for the eyes. No one should be without this face tonic. **21/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.**

GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin free from chaps, making it soft and smooth. Made up to suit all skins, **10/6, 6/6, 3/6.**

PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP removes double chins, restores lost contours, takes away line running from nose to chin. **21/6** and **25/6.**

PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, **25/6.**

Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," 6*d.*; also for Corset Catalogue.

A SAMPLE TABLET of Allen-Brown's English Violet SOAP will be sent, post free, for FOUR PENNY STAMPS

A SAMPLE BOTTLE of Allen-Brown's English Violet PERFUME will be sent, post free, for FOUR PENNY STAMPS

ALLEN-BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET SOAP.

Deliciously Fragrant. Absolutely Pure. Suited to the most delicate skin. Box of 3 tablets, 2/8 post free.

To be obtained of

The Misses ALLEN-BROWN,
F.R.H.S.,
Violet Nurseries,
HENFIELD, SUSSEX.

Also sold by the ARMY & NAVY STORES, HARROD'S STORES, and KENDAL, MILNE & Co., Manchester.

The Menu: VARIOUS WAYS OF COOKING GROUSE AND OTHER GAME

Salmis of Grouse
Grouse Pie
Roast Partridge
Fillets of Teal and Anchovies
Salmis of any Kind of Game

Salmis of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly. Cut 2oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1oz. of flour and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, and ½oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer very gently about 35 to 40 minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper; pour in some stock and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg and bake rather more than one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

Roast Partridge

Pluck, draw, and wipe the partridge inside. Cut off the head, truss the same as a chicken. Roast about half an hour. Serve with breadcrumbs round, and gravy and bread-sauce in tureens.

Fillets of Teal and Anchovies

Fillet the teal after roasting them about three-quarters done, lay them on a tin or china fireproof dish, which has been buttered and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese; place a fillet of anchovy on each piece, moisten with stock, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, then bake in the oven; squeeze the juice of a lemon over them before serving.

Salmis of any Kind of Game

Properly speaking, salmis should be made from specially cooked birds, but for ordinary occasions the remains of any game or duck can be treated in the following way: Cook the bones of the game in stock, with an onion, a bunch of herbs, and a carrot; let it cook till strongly flavoured, then strain it, thicken it, add a little wine, boil it up, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice just at the last; or, if it is a salmis of wild duck, add a squeeze of bitter orange. Have ready some neat slices cut from the game and leave them to soak in this gravy for, if possible, two or three hours before serving; just before it is wanted, heat it up, but do not on any account let it boil. EMILIA.

Hospital Economy

Very interesting statistical tables are published in the annual report of the Royal Waterloo Hospital, S.E., for the current year. One fact alone is well worth recording, namely, that the average cost for "provisions" for the patients and staff is less than 6½*d.* per head per day, or about 3*s.* 6*d.* per head per week. This is particularly satisfactory, when it is understood that only the very best supplies are used. One-third of the total number of beds provided are now unoccupied through lack of sufficient annual income, but as soon as the remaining accommodation in the new building can be used, the cost per bed in this institution will be extraordinarily low.

£1,500 for COOKING CURRANTS and BANANAS

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER" TO TAKE PART IN A SIMPLE, BUT MOST INTERESTING

Home Cookery Competition.

NO ENTRANCE FEE, nothing to do but purchase a certain quantity of Currants and Bananas, make them up into the most tempting cakes, pies, puddings, pastry, or sweetmeats that you can devise, and the **many thousands of prizes** will be awarded to those who send in the most attractive, wholesome, and best-cooked dishes, containing as chief ingredients one or both of these favourite fruits.

This **GREAT NATIONAL COMPETITION,** which is to be carried on under conditions similar to those which governed the less extensive—but extremely popular—Currant Cookery competitions of 1907, has, for the convenience of the competitors, and for the purpose of ensuring perfect fairness and equality of judgment, been divided into separate sections for each county throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

CURRANTS have, of recent years, been recognised by the highest medical authorities as the most wholesome, nutritious, and inexpensive of all dried fruits. Every British housewife who reads a home paper has become thoroughly interested in currant cookery; she knows not only that currants are good, but knows *why* they are good, and why it is well worth her while to make a special study of currant cookery, even though there were no such things as Currant Cookery Competitions, with tempting prizes for the best dishes.

Nevertheless, such a cookery contest as that now announced will be exceedingly popular with the intelligent and clever housewife. She will see at once that all her previous practice in currant cookery has been just perfecting her for this, and she will determine to send up currant dainties that shall be a pride and delight to her household and a satisfaction to herself.

BANANAS are becoming increasingly popular as a health food, and doctors are strongly recommending them as an extremely light and easily-digested form of nourishment. It is a matter for great wonder, however, that banana cooking is so little practised by the majority of people, and one of the objects of this competition is to stimulate special interest in banana cookery, and to show what a nourishing and economical article of daily food bananas are when cooked. They combine excellently with currants in the making of delicious and simple puddings, cakes, and sweetmeats, and when testing these you will realise that there is, to all intents and purposes, a *new* field open to you in supplying the daily wants of the table.

The housewife who enters for this great competition should **make a daily practice of Currant and Banana Cooking**, with a view to sending up, on the appointed date, her very best specimens of home-made confections.

Remember, it is just such toothsome and homely dainties as you make on every baking-day that will win the prizes. Currant pudding, currant tartlets, currant fritters, currant cookies, currant cake, currant scones, currant rock-cakes, banana jelly, banana blancmange, banana jam, banana fritters, just the puddings, cakes, and sweetmeats which you can make better than anybody else—these are the dainties to send up, and there isn't a home-cook anywhere but could find a use for the prize-money that is being offered.

One other point which our readers will appreciate is this:

When the currant and banana dainties have been judged, and the prizes awarded—all the good things sent in will be immediately distributed among the destitute poor. Therefore, in entering this competition, you are making a feast for those who cannot make a feast for themselves.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

The conditions of entry have been reduced to the simplest form possible, and it should be noticed that housewives are free to enter for currant cookery alone, or for currant and banana cookery, or simply for banana cookery.

Intending competitors must fill in the coupon at the end of this notice, and send it as directed. They will then receive fullest particulars as to the competition, and a useful little booklet of recipes for currant and banana cookery. Competitors may work upon any of the recipes in this little book, or may think out something entirely novel on their own account.

Special attention will be given to quite new and original examples of currant or banana cookery.

Any number of people from one household may enter, and extra entry-forms will be supplied free on application.

Start at once to practise for this great cookery competition, that is the sure way to win one of the best prizes.

Fill in this Coupon before you forget, and send it to "CURRANTS," 231, STRAND, LONDON.

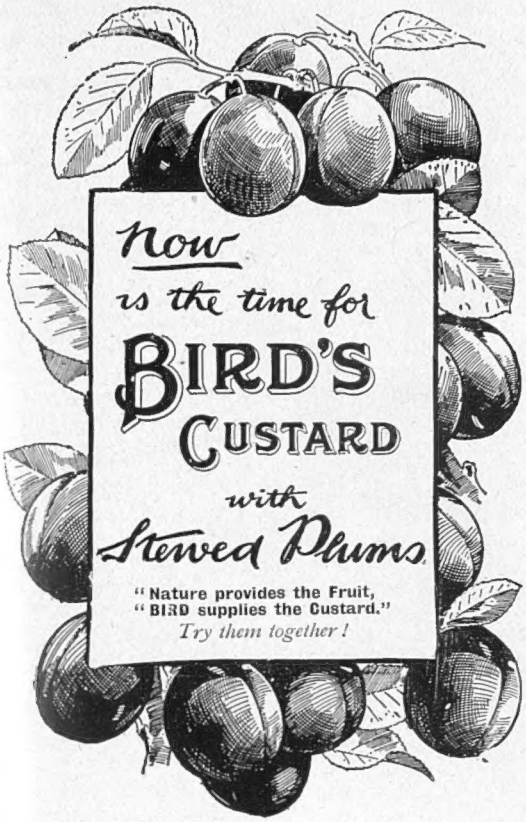
Please send, free of cost, as mentioned in THE BYSTANDER, to

Full Name.....
(Mrs. or Miss)

Full Address.....

.....

a copy of the "Currant and Banana Recipe-Book," and full particulars of the Great National Cookery Competition.



Semi-Directoire
COAT & SKIRT

Designed and made in our own workrooms in all the newest colours of Chevron, Serges, and Tweeds. The Coat lined with best quality silk, with real suéde collar and buttons to match.

78/6

To Special Measures

10/6

extra.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody.
Wigmore Street, London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

"Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each of Chemists, &c.

A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

Two Tablespoonfuls of

IZAL

in a pailful of water means protection against Disease, Sweetness throughout the Home and — Health in the Family.

The Editor's Box

Waves at the Hippodrome

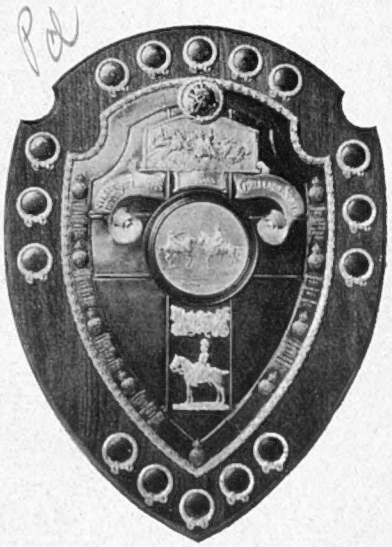
"Waves" are now the attraction at the Hippodrome, and fearsomely fascinating is the spectacle in which they loom large. No ripples from Ramsgate, wavelets from Westcliff, but real breakers from Brighton are they; but whether or no it is a realistic representation of the incoming tide across the Sands of Dee, which they purport to represent, I would rather not vouch for. This is a minor point, however, and the rescue amid swirling waters of the drowning heroine, roped to a post by the villain, provides enough thrilling excitement for anyone. The spectacle is another triumph for that "Hippodramatist," Mr. Frank Parker. Miss Loïe Fuller's fascinating "Ballet of Light" is an attraction of a very different nature, for it is solely an appeal to one's love of beauty and colour. Other popular items of an excellent programme are W. C. Fields, the eccentric juggler, and Sears, the American illusionist.

Successful "Butterflies"

Mr. W. J. Locke's musical play, *Butterflies*, is proving itself to be the biggest success ever played at the Apollo Theatre. Last week it broke all records for the final week of August since the theatre was built, and—despite various unfounded rumours to the contrary—it will occupy the Apollo boards until 1909 certain, and probably until 1910.

A Government Bird Office

It appears that Hungary is the only State which has a Government Office solely concerned with bird-life. The main object of this organisation is to assist Nature in increasing the number of those birds which render important services to mankind by keeping down harmful insects. Such birds, with their nests and eggs, are protected in Hungary by laws, which are strictly enforced, and by the goodwill of the people. Over vast areas of the State forests thousands of nesting boxes have been placed, and in winter time an ample supply of food is distributed. Steam factories, subsidised by the State, turn out the nesting boxes, feeding tables, etc., in large numbers. Specimens of the birds and the boxes can be seen and much interesting information relative thereto may be obtained in the Agricultural Section of the Hungarian Exhibition.



A 13th Hussars' Challenge Shield

One of the three important Challenge Shields prepared by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., to the order of the commanding officers of the 13th Hussars, which include trophies for "Squadron Shooting," for "Regimental Cricket," and, the one illustrated, for "Inter-Troop Skill-at-Arms." All the designs embody characteristic events in the history of the regiment, including a fine panel scene of the action taken at the Battle of Balaclava. These have all been designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., of 22, Regent Street, S.W., and Birmingham, etc.

An Aid to Vitality

As illustrating how the vitality of an athlete can be sustained by proper feeding we would draw the attention of our readers to the recent record Channel swim of Mr. T. W. Burgess, the Franco-Yorkshire swimmer, who, after an effort lasting 22¾ hours, during which period sixty miles in the Channel were covered, had a temperature of 97.3, and a pulse recording eighty-five per minute. During this attempt to beat the Channel Mr. Burgess was regularly fed with Bovril and other foods prepared by Bovril, Ltd.

The Understudy Season

We have received the following note from a lady reader, signing herself "A Bouquet of Heliotrope," with regard to the remarks and photographs in our last issue on London understudies, which we are glad to publish:—"It seems to me that you place Miss Gertrude Glyn among those who have *acted* the part which they understudy, which is, I think, incorrect. It may be that Miss Glyn has been understudying Miss Elsie's part, which, however, has been always *taken* by Miss Constance Drever, whenever Miss Elsie has been absent."

Fighting the Drink Habit

Concurrently with the issue of the fourteenth annual report of the Keeley Institute for Inebriety comes the sad news of the death of the institute's honorary chairman, the Rev. Canon Fleming, who has for so many years served on the committee with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Rev. W. Hind-Smith, Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and other well-known temperance workers. The deceased gentleman was a strenuous supporter of the institute's methods, which have been the means of freeing hundreds of victims of the drink and drug habit, as the evidence from former patients contained in the report testifies. It is impossible to review this evidence in detail, but all interested in the subject should make a point of reading a report, full of deep human interest, which details a practical solution of the drink question. The Secretary, 9, West Bolton Gardens, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W., will forward the report to any *bonâ fide* inquirer.

Beware of Imitations and Falsifications.

CARLSBAD SPRUDEL-SALT

Prepared by the Municipality of CARLSBAD

is the NATURAL and ONLY GENUINE Salt.

FOR DISEASES OF THE LIVER, DIABETES, CONSTIPATION, &c.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

SEE THAT THE WRAPPER ROUND EACH BOTTLE BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF THE SOLE AGENTS:- INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD. LONDON, LIVERPOOL & BRISTOL.

A Powerful New Serial Story by F. MARION CRAWFORD, entitled "STRADELLA," will shortly appear in THE GRAPHIC.